

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE



JANUARY

5 CENTS

1916



THE CONNOISSEURS

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

The McCall Company, Publishers, McCall Building, 236 to 246 West 37th St., New York City
 ALLAN H. RICHARDSON, President and Treasurer W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Secretary

BRANCH OFFICES:

418-424 South Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.
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 82 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.
 79 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada

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50 Cents a Year

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 \$1.00 FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post-Office,
 August 5, 1897. Copyright, 1915, by The McCall Company
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To insure prompt attention, please
 address all orders and communica-
 tions to The McCall Company, McCall
 Building, 236 to 246 West Thirty-
 Seventh Street, New York City.

Vol. XLIII No. 5

New York, January, 1916

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INFORMATION FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER

OUT OF THE MAIL-BAG

Comments on "The Wonder Woman"

"EDITOR, McCALL'S:

"It is seldom I read a serial, but I began *The Wonder Woman*, and from the first became charmed with it—with the unusual characters and the setting. I have felt that I wanted to thank you for this really lovely story. It seems to me that stories like this are all too few. I shall not soon forget Mr. David, and little Joey, or Wanza with her peddler's cart.

"Thank you for *The Wonder Woman* and for the pleasure it has given me."

—H. R. F., Walla Walla, Washington.

"GENTLEMEN:

"In your October issue of McCALL'S MAGAZINE you ask for an expression of feeling about *The Wonder Woman* story. 'How much pleasure has it given me?'—more than almost any story in all the magazines I take; and I await each issue so impatiently. It is so unlike most stories, because it could easily be the real story of more than one life. It touches one in the most human way—one's heart is in and of the story as one reads—and it is so wholesome and vital that one enjoys it as one does the real things of life. In my opinion, it goes far ahead of *The Crowning*, or *The Pursuit of Patricia*, and I am hoping so much you will print more stories by the same author. Your magazine is very exceptional."

—M. E. H., Rochester, New York.

About the October Cover

"DEAR EDITOR:

"I cannot resist the temptation to tell you how very, very pleased I am with the cover picture on the October number. You do seem to get some of the prettiest covers, but the last one is beautiful.

"I think McCALL'S cannot be beat in any way. The stories are always splendid and every department in it is just simply O. K. I could not feel at home unless I received McCALL'S every month."

—Mrs. P. L. M., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

One Problem of Marriage

"DEAR EDITOR:

"I would not try to estimate in dollars and cents what McCALL'S has been worth to me, for peace of mind cannot be bought with money, and such articles as *Red Plush*, *The Confessions of a Wife*, *The Problem of Caroline Nelson*, and another confession by a husband who was not satisfied with the wife he made, have helped both my husband and myself to a bigger, broader view of life with its possibilities and its limitations; still you have not sermonized. You haven't preached at a single person (or a married one, either). You have merely told of the problems of other people and it happened to hit us, for all of us sometime, somewhere, are brought face to face with the same problem which has been bobbing up in front of man since time began. And fortunate, indeed, is the person who knows, by the experience of others, which road to take. We pay dearly for experience in any case, and sometimes we pay with utter failure.

"*The Problem of Caroline Nelson* was evidently for single women who were sacrificing talent on the altar of duty. Some of the contributors seemed to think that the fire of duty merely burned away the dross, leaving the talent finer than it would have been; others that the fire consumed both the talent and the giver. It is a question which every individual must settle for herself, and I certainly admired the ones who settled their own questions, as

J. D., the business woman, and also M. R., whose 'angel with the gilded pen' came down to her kitchen, but who would have thought herself repaid had the good angel hovered in the clouds.

"Why can we not have a similar discussion for the married women? Wifehood and motherhood are self-assumed. No one else is to be blamed, but does that keep the Wife and Mother from wanting to take part in things outside her home? Can she do so if she has small children and a very limited income, which provides for little or no help?"

—Jackson, Tennessee.

Addressed to Our Beauty Department

"DEAR MISS BEACON:

"I have been following the directions you sent me for reducing flesh, and am doing well. I like the exercises very much, and follow your diet rules as nearly as possible. I have lost twelve pounds already by following your advice, and look younger already. I made the serious mistake of eating too much candy and cake."

—Providence, Rhode Island.

"DEAR MISS BEACON:

"I am taking the milk diet, as you suggested, and feel better already. I have been having catarrh of the bladder and suffer a great deal, but it is getting better since taking the milk diet, and I think the diet is good for my cold as well as stomach trouble. I also take your physical exercises, and think I am now on the road to complete health, thanks to you."

—Alpine, New York.

"DEAR MISS BEACON:

"I would like to tell you how much I enjoy and get from your beauty department. Although all the women's magazines contain that department, they never seem to sound like such good common sense as yours."

—A. P., Daphne, Alabama.

From Four of Our Well-Wishers

"As to sending renewal, you need never worry about that. McCALL'S is a kind of household necessity that is renewed like the flour bin when it gets empty."

—Mrs. F. A. D., Farmington, New Mexico.

"I have not missed a single copy of McCALL'S for fifteen years or more. The patterns are all I ever use, as they fit me perfectly. You may send the magazine to me every year as long as I live. I never have been without it at any time since I commenced, and I have found it superior to all others."

—Mrs. M. E. D., Woburn, Mass.

"McCALL'S MAGAZINE has been like a mother to me, for I knew nothing whatever about sewing when I lost my mother. With a family, I knew I had to learn in some way, and I subscribed for McCALL'S. I always look forward to its coming. I use many patterns, and now take in sewing. I find I can use one pattern for so many garments.

"I will get up a club just as soon as I have a little spare time. It is no trouble to get orders for McCALL'S. Those who have used it want it again, and it is easy to get new subscribers."

—Mrs. A. T., Elkton, Kentucky.

"The stories are so good and wholesome. I always use McCALL patterns and have found them very satisfactory. I like the size of your magazine because it is so easy to handle.

"Wishing you success."

—Mrs. E. M. H., Fresno, California.

OUR FORECAST FOR FEBRUARY

THE February cover is another pretty girl's head, this time by Gene Pressler. Snugly buttoned into a fur collar which embraces her chin in true 1916 style, and with a mandarin cap fitting closely to the trim little head, she is, every inch of her, The Girl of the Season.

There will be a delicious Annemaria story by Blanche Brace, *Annemaria Repeals a Law*. This time Annemaria makes a discovery about college and girls who aren't pretty which strikes terror to her sturdy heart. By any stretch of the imagination her skinny figure and impish face cannot be considered beautiful, and in the light of her discovery her future seems a dark one. Then she has a bright idea—a real Annemaria idea—and the day is saved.

From Diphtheria to Doughnuts

LOVE, they say, laughs at locksmiths, and the breezy little love story, *The Diphtheria Girl and the Measles Man*, by Eva Aronson, proves that he is even undaunted by hospital regulations. An original situation, delightfully handled. Annie Hamilton Donnell, in *Two and Two*, has written us a tender little tale of a man who, quite as in ordinary life, remains serenely unconscious that to feed him is, in the eyes of his adoring bride and mother, a sacred rite. Whose pies, whose doughnuts, shall he eat? A question on which the little bride's happiness is going to wreck until Mother finds the answer.

Moonlight and Matrimony

THERE are two—at least two!—mistaken ways of entering matrimony: one may approach it too seriously, or not seriously enough. *Why I did not Give back the Ring* is the frank confession of a girl who realized after several months of her engagement that it was largely the result of moonlight and romantic surroundings. She breaks the engagement—but finds that neither is this the correct solution of the problem she has created for herself. Her experience is that of hundreds of others, but Our Girl was earnest enough to find a way to repair her mistake. *When I Married Dora* is the amusing experience of The Happy Man, who, approaching

marriage lightheartedly, is startled at the portentous seriousness of his friends and relatives. What does he, after all, know of Dora? What real knowledge has she of him? He loves her, but who is he to assume that he can make her happy? How marriage is robbed of some of its seriousness for him makes a most amusing story.

Here Comes the Bride!

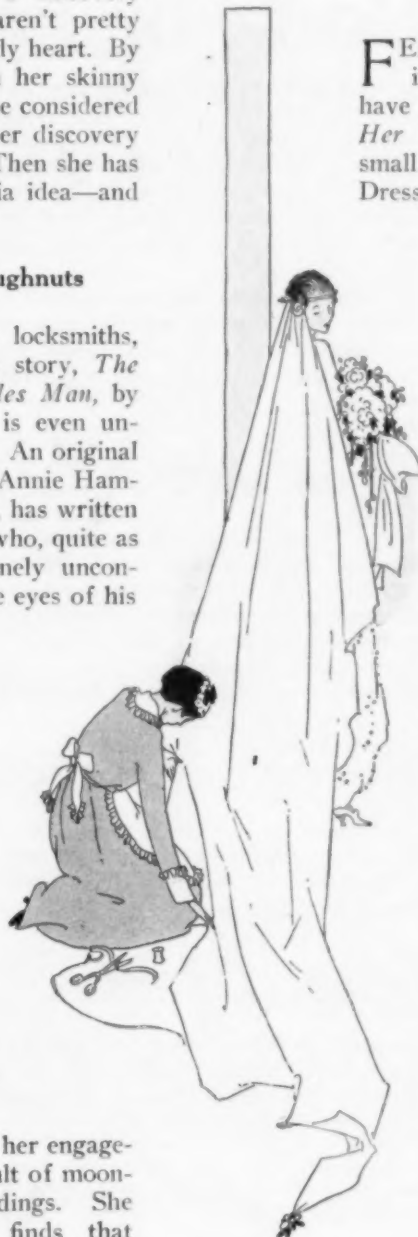
FEBRUARY being the month of lovers, it is natural that some of our plans have centered about the prospective bride. *Her Wedding Gown*—simplicity itself at small cost—is the subject of our Home Dressmaking Lesson; *The First Home*, by Jack Manly Rosé, provides architect's plans for a delightful little bungalow, the details of interior colors and furnishings being carefully worked out; while *The Little Bride's Garden* is the true story of a real garden. *The Bride's at Home* and a practical article on *Keeping House for Two* will prove equally interesting.

Some Special Features

IN *The Bride's Linen Chest* the newest ideas in embroidered lunch-cloths, doilies, sheets, pillowcases, and other household linen are described and illustrated, while not only brides, but experienced housekeepers, will find practical help in *Lighting the House*. February fourteenth is provided for by *A Sentimental Party* and some original ideas for *Home-made Valentines*. Two articles announced for January, but omitted through lack of space, will appear in February.

Fashion's Backward Glance

BEHOLD *The Bertha* of 1900 returned to grace the frocks of 1916! As a fitted flounce at the bottom of a yoke, it is quite in harmony with the revived *Leg-of-mutton Sleeve* and *The Smart Gauntlet Sleeve* with a short shoulder-puff like the diminutive puffed sleeves of grandmother's girlhood. *Natty Skating Costumes* and *The New House-Coat* which replaces the kimono are other features in the February McCall's.



The Latest Winter Creations Fully Revealed in McCall Book of Fashions (Winter Quarterly)

NEW and important changes are introduced in the new styles this season. Every touch of fashion about which women love to know, and which can be economically turned to advantage, is shown in this very beautiful and complete collection of styles. If it is in this book it is new and smart—if it is new and smart it is sure to be in this book.

Hundreds of designs, many of them shown in color, in the new Winter McCall Book of Fashions show fashions' latest decrees—forecasts of an entire season's fashion trend.

This beautifully illustrated authority on refined dressing is brim full of suggestions for all occasions.

Furs, Fabrics and Accessories

Nearly all the new Paris designs include furs—but they are used in hundreds of new ways. The McCall Book of Fashions shows you how to re-make the old furs in the newest styles. The new fabrics are beautifully illustrated and show appropriate uses of linings and trimmings.

All the lovely things which distinguish the woman of refined taste and careful judgment in dress, are thoroughly discussed; and suggestions are made for all occasions and costumes.

Children's Clothes

Misses' and children's dresses and frocks, for school, for play and for Sunday; what the boy will wear; infants' layettes and even suggestions for the doll's wardrobe; everything that has to do with dress is thoroughly discussed in this practical and fascinating volume.

Smart Dressing

No longer is smart dressing possible only for the woman of wealth. The new styles favor home dressmaking more than ever before. The woman of economical taste may select from the McCall Book of Fashions any costume she may require and make it easily at home.

THE McCALL COMPANY

New York
Chicago

San Francisco
Boston

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January

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1916

I BOUGHT it—let me see—oh, when we were in New York three years ago. It's really a wonderful piece of

brocade, don't you think? I've only worn it once. It will last me forever. I take such excellent care of my clothes." And the speaker held up, for a moment's admiration, a gown in a rich golden brocade, then laid it carefully on the smoothly spread bed while she dived into the open trunk again.

"This," she continued, emerging with a rose-colored moiré, "I got in Chicago, one year. It was a real bargain—awfully good material, as you see," and she smoothed its surface proudly, "but after all, not half so stylish as this green messaline with the futurist girdle. Charles thought it frightfully conspicuous—so it was, of course, but those futurist things were all the rage that year. I like it!"

The visitor looked on, with a murmured comment or two, as the trunk continued to yield up its treasures.

"Which one are you going to wear to-night to Mrs. Bellamy's dinner for your card club?" she asked curiously, after a silence.

"Oh, none of these. I've known Ann Bellamy all my life. It isn't worth while to wear out nice clothes for a neighborhood dinner like that. My suit skirt will do perfectly well with that silk waist you saw. The sleeves aren't just right, but it's plenty good enough. I don't dress up very often—if you do, the first thing you know, your pretty things are all worn out—although I did put on the old rose moiré for the reception to the new members of the Normal School faculty."

THE Visitor suppressed a gasp as she cast a glance at the gown in question, hopelessly out of date as to length of skirt, style of sleeve, waistline, and having nothing to recommend it but the richness of a material long discarded by Fashion.

As the telephone sounded below, and her hostess disappeared at its sound, she cast a glance at the bed spread with rich hues and delicate fabrics.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

"There isn't one of them," she murmured, "that is wearable! Yet she hoards them, and wraps them in sheets, and stuffs them with tissue-paper, and locks them up in trunks, and thinks she is 'taking excellent care of her clothes.' Any one of them, worn when she first bought it, would have been a joy to the eye—but now! I wonder if anybody could ever make her see that her penurious care of her clothes is the worst form of extravagance!"

MANY of us have trunks, mental and material, wherein, like the Lady of the Wardrobe, we have stored our possessions, forgetting that what is not kept in use is soon unusable. So true is this that the big universities will not accept a high school diploma as fulfilling their entry requirements, if two years have elapsed since its issuance and the student cannot prove that, during that period, he has been engaged in some "active mental occupation." In other words, the universities consider that the knowledge acquired during the ten or twelve years which preceded graduation has suffered in practical value if it has been "packed away in a trunk" for two years.

Benjamin Franklin added ten words to his vocabulary daily, not by memorizing and tucking them away in a mental pigeonhole, but by persistent and deliberate use.

Money put into circulation brings its own returns, often its increase. It is of no value until used. Ideas, bits of information, knowledge, however painfully gained, disintegrate through disuse; put forth as current coin they return in ever greater and greater measure.

Putting things away, therefore, is not really saving them. The friendship you prize and mean to cultivate, when crowding duties lessen a trifle, may be dead past all resurrection when you at last find time to open the trunk; the talent you have felt within you, be stifled for lack of expression; the big human impulses have faded into impotence.

Let us open up the locked places, and take for our 1916 motto: Thrift is not saving; thrift is using.

MISS THEODOSIA'S HEARTSTRINGS

A SERIAL STORY

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE PRECEDING INSTALMENT:—Miss Theodosia Baxter, globe-trotter, returns to her comfortable home and makes the acquaintance not only of Evangeline and Elly Precious and little deaf Carruthers, but of twelve-year-old Stefana, who wants to "white-wash" her to save her as a customer for Mother, away helping Aunt Sarah's knee knit. Miss Theodosia is surprised into consenting, and all day Stefana toils, washing and rewashing. At night, smooches still remain, and Miss Theodosia stealthily removes the things from the line, rewashes and hangs them back. Then Stefana struggles with irons and starch, and the result has just been delivered into Miss Theodosia's hands as this instalment opens.

CHAPTER II

MISS THEODOSIA saw pink. Near-anger surged up within her at this ruinous, this piteous result of Stefana's toil. The result dangled creaksomely from her hands, revealing new wrinkles and smooches and leprous patches of starch at every motion. What was in this bundle would be in the rest—there was no hope.



"HERE 'TIS, IF IT'S YOURS," SHE GASPED SPENTLY. "STEFANA SAID NOT TO DARE TO BRING IT BACK. WE—WE'RE SORT OF AFRAID OF IT, HONEST"

In Theodosia Baxter's little girlhood, she had played there were two "'Dosies," a good one and a bad one. The good Dosie was often away from home, but was sometimes apt to appear at unexpected moments, to the embarrassment of the Bad Dosie; stamp her foot as she would, Bad Dosie could not always drive the unwelcome intruder away.

"I don't like her!" the small sinner had once been heard to say. "She—she p'eaches at me!"

The Good Dosie was preaching now.

"Wait! Count ten!" she preached. "Don't get any angrier, or you'll see red instead of pink. Think of that poor child's burned thumbs—think of her having to take to her bed when she got through—"

"I don't wonder!" snapped Bad Dosie.

"Wait—wait! Aren't you going to be good? Do you remember what you used to do to help out? Well?"

Miss Theodosia dropped the starchy mass on top of the other newspaper bundles and rather suddenly sat down in a chair. She saw a little child, preached to and penitent, on her knees with folded hands, saying "Now I lame me down to sleep."

It was very still in the room. Miss Theodosia's eyes closed and opened again. It was as if she had said "Now I lame me." A little smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. She no longer saw even pink.

SHE got up briskly and began turning back her cuffs. First, she would build the kitchen fire; it must roar and snap, with all the work it had to do to-night. She would heat a lot of water, for only boiling water could take out Stefana's awful starch. While the water was heating, she would eat her supper.

"A good, big supper, it will have to be," smiled this gentled Miss Theodosia. "I've got to get up my strength! No tea-and-toast-and-jam supper to-night." She heated her gridiron smoking hot, and broiled a bit of steak. She tossed together little feathery biscuit and made coffee, fragrant and strong. Momently, Miss Theodosia's strength "got up." She moved about the kitchen

briskly—when had she launched out upon a night's work like this? Adventure!—call this adventure.

Work to Miss Theodosia had always meant something that other people did—the Stefanas and their mothers and brothers and fathers. What she herself did—a gentle, dilatory playing at work—hardly merited the name. A bit of dusting, tea-and-toasting, making her own bed, cooking for sheer love of cooking, what did they count in Miss Theodosia's summing up of tasks? Always there had been someone to do her heavy things. She had put her washings out and taken her dinners in; three times a week she was swept and scrubbed and made immaculate.

But to-night—to-night was different. This was to be no playing at work. Miss Theodosia rose to the occasion gallantly—indeed, exultantly. Thrills of enthusiasm ran up, ran down her spine. She prepared for a night of it.

THE dresses immersed in steaming hot water and her supper eaten, she stretched drying-lines, with considerable difficulty, from corner to corner of her kitchen, prepared an ironing-board, and got out long idle irons. At eight o'clock she stopped for breath. Stefana's starch still resisted all inducements to part with Miss Theodosia's dresses; more hot water was required. After another steamy bath, they were cooled and wrung and draped over the criss-cross clothes-lines in the hot kitchen. Then Miss Theodosia temporarily retired from the field of battle.

Theodosia Baxter had come back from her travels to this small ancestral town with a mildly disturbing taste in her mouth. "Settling down" at forty-two was not at all to her mind—she would not settle down!

"If I catch you doing it, Theodosia Baxter!" she said. "If I catch you growing old! The minute you feel it coming on, you pack up and start for Rome! Or Paris! Or Turkistan! Start for Anywhere! Keep going!"

But, already, did she feel it coming on even before all her trunks were unpacked? She was a little frightened at certain signs. Now, when she sat down heavily—why did she sit down heavily? If someone had called upon her for scores of little services, so that she must hop up again, immediately—little, piping voices: "Mother, where's my cap?" "Mother, make Johnnie stop plaguing me!" "Mother, come quick!" If a big John had come home to her, demanding her time or sympathy or service—

"No little Johns—no big one!" She sighed. "Is that the matter with you, Theodosia Baxter? Well, for Heaven's sake, don't tell anybody! Keep a bold front."

SHE dozed a little in her rocker while she waited. Her plaintive reveries took the shape of a sober little dream wherein one Theodosia Baxter tottered on a cane and another walked briskly and youngly among Johns. Both Theodosias were forty-two.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, waking up. "Where's my cane? I must go and iron Stefana's dresses!" She felt oddly refreshed—queer dream to refresh one! She found herself thinking kindly of Stefana.

"I hope she's sound asleep, and a pitying little girl angel with a nurse's cap under her halo will slip down and cure her thumbs before she wakes up."

The irons she had set to heating were much too hot. Should she run out-of-doors while one of them cooled, and lie in wait to catch the little nurse-angel on the wing, or perhaps darting thrillingly down to Stefana on a shooting star, breaking all speed limits! This was a night for adventure—the wild ride of a becaped and haloed little celestial in goggles would be an adventure! Miss Theodosia laughed out girlishly, not at all a tottery laugh on a cane, and the pleasant sound broke the midnight stillness.

The dresses were dry enough to roll into tight bundles. One she essayed to iron as it was. She began as soon as the iron was cool enough.

Miss Theodosia toiled—adventured—through the long hours into the short. It was unaccustomed toiling, and, like Stefana, she burned her thumbs. She had judgment, and the skill that age kindly lends, in her favor, and slowly

her delicate fingers undid the ravages of Stefana's patient endeavors and brought beauteous perfection out of apparent ruin. But the process was wearying and long. It would have been but half the labor to have begun at the beginning instead of at Stefana's poor little end.

At midnight, Miss Theodosia made herself cups of tea and sipped them thirstily. A wrist, both thumbs, and her testing forefinger smarted; she was tired and disheveled. But the spirit of adventure refused to die.

The fire burned red-hot and the irons must cool again. Miss Theodosia slipped out-of-doors this time, into the cool darkness.

"Let us hope Aunt Sarah will 'knit fast,' she was thinking with whimsical eyes, "but if she doesn't—Theodosia Baxter, dear, if Aunt Sarah is a slow knitter, you are in for it! I've no idea of letting you off. Baxters that begin, end."

It was dim starshine out-of-doors. Miss Theodosia was too late to see the nurse-angel riding on her star, her little cap and halo awry with the downhill glide through space. She was too late to see her go into the dark little House of Children—but she saw her come out. Distinctly, a misty little blur of white against the velvet background. Miss Theodosia started a very little—did she need pinching to wake her up? For the space of a clock-tick the little celestial appeared to hesitate, as though waiting for her star-steed to come within her hail. Then, floatingly, not walking, it seemed to Miss Theodosia—the mist of blurry white drew nearer. It came quite near to Miss Theodosia, and it was not the nurse-angel in cap and shining halo. It was Stefana!

The child was in her nightgown. One look into her wide, unseeing eyes was enough—Stefana was asleep. In a chattering little voice she was talking to herself. It was like a soft wail of sound.

I MUST get them back! Quick, before she sees—I must iron them over. Perhaps if I starched them again—another coat of starch might hide the smooches. She mustn't see the smooches! If mother should lose the chance—oh, I must get them back and starch 'em another coat! Mother mustn't lose her! My thumbs ache so!"

Was she coming straight toward the door? No, a fortunate whiff of breeze seemed to blow her aside like a little seed-puff, and she went drifting by. She was apparently searching anxiously.

"I must find them! Quick, before she sees! Oh, there are the smooches—I see the smooches! But I can't find the rest of them—"

Miss Theodosia sprang forward in the direction of the pathetic little figure, but almost as quickly caught herself up. Sleep walkers were not to be awakened suddenly—what then was to be done?

"I must get her back to bed without letting her wake up," thought Miss Theodosia. A plan suggested itself. She caught off her large apron, rolled it into a bulky mass, and swiftly followed the small nightgowned figure. Her steps made no sound over the grass. It was but the work of an instant to lay the roll of apron in Stefana's arms. Instantly, at the feel of starched cloth in her hands, the tense little face relaxed.

"I've got 'em back!" Stefana muttered, and as if from the relief of it the troubled sleep seemed to calm and quiet down into deep oblivion to all troubles. To Miss Theodosia's dismay, Stefana slid quietly to the ground and dreamlessly slept. Here, indeed, was adventure! Even at twelve years and Stefana small, the child was too heavy to carry home.

"I don't care to wake her," Miss Theodosia cried aloud, but softly, as if in fear of doing so.

"You needn't—hush! I'll carry her for you."

The voice seemed to materialize out of the gloom into something big and high and unexpectedly close at hand that rightly should have startled Miss Theodosia but failed to do so. Afterward, in the house again, among her irons, she was startled.

"I was going by and saw her—you can tell a sleep-walker by the way one walks. Glides. Now, when I lift her, gently support her head—that's it. Forward, march!"

"This way," Miss Theodosia directed in a whisper, though he was already moving this way. Shadow Man that he was, he stepped earthily, with thuds of his feet on the grass. Miss Theodosia's footsteps were soft echoes. So they came to the little House of Flags.

"There's a light in that inside room and I can see a bed. I'll lay her down and you can go in afterward—and—er—smooth her out."

"Yes—yes, I'll wait out here," whispered Miss Theodosia with a curious solemnity in her face. Rome nor Paris nor Anywhere had offered adventure like this—not like this. Miss Theodosia had an odd feeling that this, too, was a dream—and a John. Would they all wake up together?

"Sound as a nut—never knew what hit her! But she wants straightening. New work for me—I'm not used to putting kiddies to bed."

"Oh, I'm not either!" breathed Miss Theodosia, "but I might straighten one. I don't suppose you—you kissed her thumbs? Of course not!" She laughed softly. "But I shall."

Now it was the Shadow Man's turn to laugh, with a funny explosive little effect as though he were not used to muffling his laughs, as if this playing Shadow Man were a new role.

"Why thumbs?" he whispered, "Why not lips, say, or eyes? I thought women kissed kiddies' eyes—hope I haven't made a mistake—" as if he had some secret desire for women to kiss the eyes of little children. "If you don't mind kissing 'em when you go in there—"

"I shall kiss her thumbs," Miss Theodosia said firmly. "They were burned at the stake for me. I know how burned thumbs feel."

But the Shadow Man stubbornly persisted.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "I'll go back now and kiss her thumbs, if you'll kiss her eyes when you go in, as—er—a favor. Stoop over the little sleeper, you know, and press your mother's lips to the closed blue orbs." He seemed to be quoting something.

BUT I haven't any mother's lips," sighed Miss Theodosia, "only the kind for thumbs—just thumbs. I'm sorry," she added humbly. Curiously she experienced no surprise at this intimate turn of a conversation with a Shadow Man at midnight.

"That's all right—that's all right," the Shadow Man assured her. "Only thought I'd feel a little better to prove it was done. Hadn't any business mixing up with women's

lips and kiddies' orbs, anyway! Serves me right." And now it was his turn to be humble. "Good-night," and he was gone.

It was into a tiny bedroom off the kitchen, where a needle of light from a turned-down lamp barely pricked the darkness, that Miss Theodosia found her way. She had a dim picture of littering little clothes about the room and on the flat pillows of the bed the round, flushed face of Evangeline. In a clothes-basket beside the bed she dimly saw a little mound that might be Elly Precious—it was Elly Precious! The little mound stirred with a curious nestling sound and instantly Stefana stirred also and crooned. Even in her sleep, she was the little Mother. Miss Theodosia felt her own throat tighten and fill.

STEFANA still clasped the bundle of apron in her arms, and Miss Theodosia did not dare try to take it away from her. She merely arranged it a little more comfortably, and smoothed Stefana out. Queer!—as if at some other time, in some passed-by existence, she had smoothed out a child. She seemed to know how. Suddenly she stooped and kissed, not Stefana's thumbs but her eyes.

"The starch!" murmured Stefana as Miss Theodosia turned away. "Some'dy get it!" The deep sleep had broken a little, and through the break trickled a thread of Stefana's troubles. Then, again, silence and peace. No sound from bed nor clothes-basket on the floor.

Outside in the faint starlight Miss Theodosia drew a long breath. She softly laughed. Curious how much like a

[Continued on page 57]



A SINGLE SHRIEK SHOT
ABOVE THE CLEAR
HUMMING NOISE THAT
MIGHT BE STEFANA.
THEN ANOTHER—A
THIRD!

A SHEPHERD OF THE LORD

By MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

Illustrated by STOCKTON MULFORD

THE Reverend Mark Pierie sat at his scantily furnished breakfast-table, looking through his morning mail. His sister watched him anxiously across the coffee-pot, for he was apt to forget to eat. For anyone so thin to forget even one meal was, Sally felt, to run the risk of snuffing out altogether. She was thin herself, and small, and brown, with three-cornered eyebrows like circumflex accents over small, dark eyes. Sally never nagged, but she took her housekeeping seriously, as befitted her twenty years; and with faith in the power of suggestion, pushed the cream-pitcher across the table, enticingly near her brother.

He glanced up at her and tried to smile. Sally, as responsive as a taut violin-string, quivered to his mood.

"O Mark! What is it?"

"A letter from Dolliver, dear." Then his voice broke. "Oh, it's a disappointment! A disappointment!" He crushed the letter in his hand.

Sally had no love for her brother's accounting-warden who was the one moneyed member of the vestry. Her mind leaped to wild possibilities of disaster.

"What has he done?" she cried.

"Dolliver?" said Mark, a little dazed. "He hasn't done anything. It's not his fault." He passed his hand over his eyes to steady himself. "The lot—the lot for the Parish House—we can't get it. It's been sold!"

A bombshell had dropped on the little breakfast-table and the hopes and work of three penurious years lay wrecked beneath it. "Sold!"

The young rector of St. Margaret's struggling parish sat looking at the ruins that word had made. His plans for social service, his boys' club, his stamp-saving fund, his circulating library, his shadowy gymnasium—all the longed for agencies for his people's betterment, which had seemed nearly within his grasp when the vestry voted the money for the lot next the church—all were gone. There was no other available lot in the neighborhood. The owner had expected to sell to the church as soon as the purchase price could be raised. What malign agency had interfered with their plans?

SALLY found her voice. Her combativeness arose to attack this formidable obstacle.

"Who bought it?"

"Cyrus Starbuck."

This was a second bomb. The obstacle loomed defiant, grinned sardonically. Sally accepted defeat.



A DULL LITTLE REFRAIN BEAT IN HER MIND: "MARK WILL BE SO UNHAPPY, MARK WILL BE SO UNHAPPY"

"The brute!"

Her brother did not reprove her. Hope defeated made a desperate rally.

"He wouldn't sell it?" asked Sally weakly.

Mark shook his head wearily. "Not he! Why, he's a free-thinker—glories in it. And a hard man. You know what he is. Ward politics. Made his money in city contracts. I've been fighting him and his like for years. What does he want with that lot? Unless to build something to the detriment of the church. I hate to think it, but it looks as if he bought it from mere malice. Dolliver mentioned the plan to buy the lot to James Mason at luncheon at the club. Cyrus Starbuck was at the table back of them. He got up and went out. When Dolliver went that afternoon to conclude the bargain, the lot had been sold."

SALLY seemed struck by this narrative. "That was a foolish thing to do," she said, "to talk about it at the club. Oh, I wish men had some sense! I don't mean you, dear," she explained penitently, "but I never did like Mr. Dolliver. Mark, you will have to write to Cyrus Starbuck and ask him if he will sell."

"He'll refuse," said Mark. "And how can I ask a favor of him? But I suppose I ought to do it, even if it is of no use. Yes, I will write."

Cyrus Starbuck's typewritten reply arrived the next day. He would not sell the lot. He intended to build a moving-picture palace on it, "for the benefit of the people of the neighborhood."

Sally's angry penitence overflowed in sympathy towards her brother. "I shouldn't have let you write. Why should you humiliate yourself to such a man? He's not even a gentleman."

It was with a heavy heart that Sally betook herself to the church that Saturday morning. She combined in her own person the duties of Volunteer Altar Guild and Supervising Sexton, in command over Peter McElhatton whom Mark was trying to reform. As she swept the chancel, polished brasses, and found the places in the Bible for the evening lessons, a little dull refrain beat in her mind: "Mark will be so unhappy, Mark will be so unhappy."

The titular sexton did not show up, so Sally put away her own cleaning implements, donned her jacket and gloves, and emerged from the vestibule into the frosty air, to find the recreant McElhatton kowtowing to a gorgeous individual in a fur-lined overcoat.

"S-is Mr. Starbuck," he stuttered. "I'm asking him, would he like to see the church?"

Sally's startled eyes saw a face which she recognized from newspaper illustrations; a man of forty with sharp blue eyes and slightly grizzled hair, which latter was revealed when Mr. Starbuck promptly raised his hat, and as promptly replaced. The fur-lined overcoat was worn open and thrown back, and she noted that he wore a black string tie. McElhatton evaporated into the middle distance and Sally backed against the doorway, blocking the entrance to the church. "What do you want?" she demanded.

Mr. Starbuck looked amused. As she stood on the steps, his eyes were on a level with her own.

"Well, I don't happen to want anything," he drawled. "Your friend Peter, now—he wanted something. He wanted a ton of coal."

Sally bit her lip. "Oh, I see!" she said tartly. "Peter is a voter."

"He sure is," agreed Mr. Starbuck. "Also his wife is sick. Or so he tells me. Why doesn't the church do something for him?" he inquired genially. Then, as she did not reply, "Do you own this church? May I come in?"

Sally moved aside. "The church is open. I can't prevent you."

"No," agreed her opponent. "That's sensible. But why should you want to? Do you think I'd burn it down? Queer thing," he ruminated—"always calling on sinners to come to church, and here's one asks to come in and you try to keep him out! Who are you, anyway?" he demanded suddenly.

"I'm Mr. Pierie's sister," said Sally. She expected him to be taken aback; but he appeared to search his memory for the name.

"Oh, the minister! Yes, I had a letter from him. About—"

"About a lot," said Sally.

"Just so. About a lot. Well, now, it seems that he's the one who wants something," he suggested mildly.

Sally moved to the door. She pushed it open with a formal gesture. "Will you please come in?"

He glanced at her keenly and preceded her into the church.

"Take off your hat!" said Sally furiously.

He looked surprised, but removed it at once. "I beg your pardon," said he simply. "I forgot."

Sally's cheeks burned. She felt herself convicted of rudeness. "I beg yours," she said bravely.

Cyrus Starbuck laughed and half held out his hand. Sally backed away. He laughed again. "You're a good hater," he said. "I'm something of a good hater myself. Tell me why you're so terribly keen about this lot."

"We've been three years raising the money," said Sally. "We wanted it for a Parish House, for a boys' club and classes, and entertainments, and perhaps a gymnasium. Oh, it would mean so much to the neighborhood!"

"Entertainments, eh?" said Mr. Starbuck. "Keep 'em off the streets and all that? Well, that's what I want it for. I'm going to build a movie theatre there. First class. Clean show. Moral entertainment. That's all right, isn't it?" His eyes twinkled.

"Oh, there's no use talking to you!" cried Sally hopelessly.

"No," he agreed. "It's no use. But I rather like it." He glanced sharply about the church. "Pretty little place. Better inside than out. What are those things on the archway? Sunflowers?"

Sally choked. Her pent-up passion broke out in tears. "They're not! But it's like you to make fun of them. I painted them!"

"No! How could you, though?" he exclaimed in genuine surprise. "Such a little thing as you! I'm not making fun of them. I like them. Oh, please, don't cry! You're such a little thing to cry." He patted her shoulder. Sally continued to sob suspiciously near the fur lapel of his coat. A rising tide of unhappiness had found an outlet at last,

and she quite forgot whose was the comforting presence near her, as she dropped her head for a moment against the protecting arm. She looked up at last like a grieving child, pushing back her hair, her lips still quivering.

"Please forgive me," she faltered. "I couldn't help it. I always have to be cheerful at home. I must go now."

He walked thoughtfully beside her down the aisle. At the doorway Sally paused, trying to explain her outburst. Her voice still shook a little. "You see, it seemed as if you were making fun of us. You are rich and can buy things, and we have to do the best we can with what we have. We couldn't afford to have the church decorated, so I painted it. It seemed to make it a little prettier," she added wistfully.

He nodded. "You're doing it for these people down here. They're my people you know. This is my ward."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, I'm doing the best I can for them, too. You run a church for them, and I give them a moving-picture show." She flashed him a glance of comprehension.

"Will you shake hands now?" asked Cyrus Starbuck.

Sally drew off her glove and laid a cold little hand in his. She noticed with a dull surprise that the hand which grasped hers was well-shapen and well-kept. The squeeze of his vigorous fingers lingered with her on her way home.

Peter McElhatton strongly disapproved of the unwonted cold snap on a Saturday night. With prudent forethought he neglected to bank the fire in the church heater, but drew a barrel of shavings conveniently near in order to make sure of a quick start on Sunday morning in time for the eight o'clock service. At two o'clock the neighborhood was aroused by the clang of fire-engine bells. St. Margaret's was burning merrily. At half-past three, an excited crowd dancing outside the guard-ropes, cheered the spectacular falling of the little tower. It was after four when a man in a fur-lined overcoat pushed past Sally in the hallway of the little rectory, with the limp figure of the rector of St. Margaret's in his arms.

"He's not hurt," he explained, "only fainted. There was no danger. It was the excitement. But he's probably taken cold. He had no hat or overcoat. You oughtn't to have a drunken janitor. Got any whiskey? There's a flask in my pocket. Where's his bedroom? I'll carry him up."

HE laid his burden on the bed and extracted a flask from his own breast pocket. "Give him a dose of this," he commanded. "I'll send a doctor right around. But don't you worry. He'll be all right. I'll stop round later and see how he is."

"Later" was eleven o'clock in the morning. Mr. Starbuck was ushered into Sally's little parlor by a flustered young maid of all work, and settled himself largely upon the sofa while he waited for his hostess to come down. He waited a long time but did not become impatient. The effect of the room pleased him, and he carefully took account of the elements which went to the making of that impression: the dull green walls, the framed Copley prints, the ivory-tinted copy of a Luca della Robbia relief above the mantel. "This is something like," he said to himself.

It was an ivory-tinted Sally who at last stood in the doorway to greet him. All her sparkle and energy were gone. She looked like a crayon sketch of herself in black and white, or rather like a somnambulist, galvanized to action by some outside will. For the second time she faced him in a doorway, and seemed mutely to ask: "What do you want?"

It was in fact Mr. Starbuck who spoke, rising and coming forward to say: "How is your brother?"

Sally was beyond tears but she spoke slowly and carefully as if afraid of making a mistake.

"The doctor thinks it is grippe, but it may be pneumonia. He's not dangerously ill—yet. He's a little out of his head. He keeps talking about the church and the fire."

Mr. Starbuck gave an inarticulate cluck of sympathy, but with the same faculty of going to the point which Sally

herself usually had, he asked, "Have you a nurse?"

"No."

"I'll go get one."

"No, please."

"You'll have to have one."

"No, I always take care of Mark."

Then, as he seemed about to insist—"Have you any idea what Mark's salary is?" she asked with a wan smile.

He clucked again, and she put out her hand as if pushing something away from her.

"No, please! It isn't like Peter and the coal, you know. We're not your people."

YOU'RE all in," announced Mr. Starbuck irrelevantly after a pause. "Have you been to bed?"

"No."

"Are you going?"

"No."

"How are you going to keep it up?"

"I don't know," said Sally forlornly.

Then she moved a little nearer to him. "First it was the lot," she said, "and then the church went. And now it's Mark. Every time I try to get my head above water, something comes and pushes me down. God doesn't play fair sometimes."

"No!" he cried. "You mustn't say that. I don't like to hear you say that." He squared his shoulders with the optimism of the strong. "And it's not true. I've always won out."

"Oh, you!" cried Sally. "You're strong and rich and the boss of the ward. And how do you win out? Do you play fair?"

"Yes, I do," said Cyrus Starbuck. "But never mind that. I'll come back to-morrow."

On the morrow and on many days Sally found Mr. Starbuck seated in her little parlor. "I like this room of yours," he explained, "I wish you'd do my house over like it. I had a decorator—man from New York—over to do up the parlor. I said to him: 'There's only two things you've got to leave in it. One is my mother's picture and the other is the electric organ.' Well, he went to work, and it looks like a furniture shop. Period furniture, they call it. You know the kind. I wish you'd come out and take a look at it, and tell me how to fix it."

"Me!" said Sally. "What an idea!"

"I'd like it like this," he insisted. "You like this, don't you?"

"Why, ye-es," said Sally doubtfully. "I like it because I can't do any better. But you don't suppose, do you, that I prefer cartridge paper and photographs? I'd like Japanese grass-cloth and a landscape by Twachtman and a portrait by Howard Cushing. That's what I'd like."

"Well, we'll get 'em," he cried with enthusiasm. "What's the first fellow's name? Twachtman? I'll write to him. What's his address?"

Sally chuckled wickedly, then became grave. "He's dead," she explained demurely.

"Well, the other chap. Is he alive? He could paint your portrait."

"Oh, my gracious!" cried Sally, exasperated. "What nonsense you do talk! As if he'd be bothered painting anyone who looks like me! Why don't you order a roc's



"WHY SHOULD YOU GIVE US A CHURCH? IT'S—IT'S LIKE THE TON OF COAL."

egg at once? Have you an idea in your head anyway except just to buy things?"

"I'm afraid I haven't," he said humbly. "You see, it's the only way I know to give people pleasure. I was a poor boy, and to buy things seemed to me something like a fairy story, I guess. My mother worked hard when I was little. I used to say to her, 'I'll buy you a sealskin coat and diamonds some day.' Well, I got them for her before she died."

SALLY shook her head viciously. "There you go," she declared crossly. "You've done it again. Why do you always make me rude to you?"

"I don't know." Mr. Starbuck appeared to consider the question. "Must be my bad manners, I guess. And so the parson's better?"

"Yes, he really is."

"And what about the church? Going to rebuild?"

"I don't know. There's not much money. Mr. Dolliver thinks that we can't raise any more."

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BOARDING IN

HOW A TOWN'S TEACHERS KEEP HOUSE

By REINETTE LOVEWELL

IN the gathering dusk the Fifth-Grade Teacher looked cautiously up and down the street, to see if there was anyone to recognize her.

Then she began to run, tearing along the sidewalk at a pace which would have done credit to one of her ten-year-old pupils. At the house where the High-School Teacher boarded, she paused, caught her breath, and sedately walked up the steps and rang the bell. As soon as she was admitted to her friend's room, she closed the door, and lowered her voice.

"I've thought of something," she announced. "It popped into my head right in the middle of Division A's geography lesson, and if the children hadn't laughed I never should have noticed that Freddy Davis said Texas was bounded on the north by Indiana."

The High-School Teacher shoved aside the Latin papers she was correcting and pushed forward a chair for her guest.

"What in the world—" she questioned.

"I'm so excited," interrupted the other, "I ran all the way here."

"But what is it?" prompted the Latin instructor. "I certainly am curious."

Footsteps passed the door in the hall outside. "Sh-h," cautioned the visitor—"it's heresy!"

She dropped down upon the arm of the High-School Teacher's chair and began a whispered conversation, which resulted in a gathering with their co-laborers the next day after school. It was late in June, and the Fifth-Grade Teacher and the instructor in the High-School corraled every non-resident teacher who was going to renew her contract for another year. They were delighted to find that there were to be no changes. Out of the entire force of twelve teachers in the town, nine boarded, and every one of these came to the meeting.

"Why can't we join forces, rent a house, hire a cook, and divide up the expense?" the Fifth-Grade Teacher questioned the assembly with unparliamentary abruptness. "I'm tired of 'furnished rooms' and 'meals by the day and week,' and private families are getting so they won't take teachers any more."

A little ripple of excitement went through the group as this bomb exploded in their midst.

"But furniture!" exclaimed one. "Instalments on that added to running expenses, would mount up awfully."

"We wouldn't need much furniture," the promotor of the project insisted. "And there isn't any excuse for getting into the toils of the credit folks. We could each buy a bed ourselves, and bring the bedding from home."

A practical person in the back of the room broke in. "If we went at it on the principle of a summer camp—just the bare essentials," she declared, "I don't see why it wouldn't work. And it would be lots of fun."

"Folks are always complaining about teachers musing around Saturdays," cried a blond girl in a pretty gown.

"If we had our own place, we could do as we please—wash out things, and press skirts, and steam velvet—" There was a general laugh at this, and the High-School Teacher took a step forward.

"I think we would all enjoy getting away from life in one room," she approved. "But it



SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF A HOME OF THEIR OWN

seems to me the way to get at it is to organize. What do you think?"

Before the meeting was disbanded, The Teachers' Club of Sharon, Massachusetts, had been formed, and a President, Treasurer, and Investigating Committee elected. A few weeks later, when they all went away for the two months' summer vacation, a ten-room unfurnished house, which rented for thirty dollars a month, had been hunted down, and a lease for a year venturesomely signed.

A few days before school commenced in September, they came back with contributions to the cause sent along by interested mothers and aunts. A housekeeper was hired, and the Club moved into their new home, bag and baggage.

TEACHERS' CLUB? Sure, I know where it is," directs a small boy on the depot platform at Sharon, Massachusetts. "Go up that way, turn to your left. It's the first house from the corner."

The "first house" is a good-sized, wooden structure in a shady street. Its broad piazza is invitingly furnished with a couch hammock, chairs, tables, cushions. Within are large, light rooms, fluttering curtains, and lots of sunshine. An arch divides the library from the dining-room where a sociably long table is laid with a white cloth. Just through a butler's pantry is a convenient kitchen. The oak staircase

runs up to the second floor and doors open into cheery chambers. There is a big white bathroom, generous hall space, even an airy attic.

"It did kind of give us the shivers when we first walked through those great empty rooms," the Club Treasurer confided to a visitor. "It looked as if it would take such a lot of furniture; but, you know, we'd talked about it so much that all our friends were interested, and you would hardly believe how many things just gravitated our way."

She waved a hand toward the dining-room. "You see," she went on, "we were each to furnish our own quarters, but these down-stairs rooms were quite a problem. One day a woman called up and wanted to know if we would take in a dining-table and chairs she was going to put in storage. She had refurnished her dining-room, and did not want to sell the old furniture. So that is how that room was fitted out."

BACK into the cozy library with its open fireplace, book cases and piano, she led the guest.

"Some of this was contributed in the same way," she confessed. "We each bought a few things—picked them up around town. One of the girls is paying for the piano on instalments, and she rents it to the Club. Silver and dishes mostly came 'from home.'"

She went out through the pantry and threw open drawers and cabinets.

"You know how expensive a kitchen equipment is," she said. "Look what we bought for \$3.50 at the Five-and-Ten! Then Miss G. purloined a food-chopper from her mother; Miss S., a moulding-board; and Miss B., a bread-mixer. The only electrical appliance we thought we could afford was an iron, and that belongs to one of the teachers. All bedding, towels, and table napkins were regarded as individual responsibilities. The tablecloths were a gift. We have two couch-beds in four of the up-stairs rooms, and the girls who live together planned the other furnishings and divided the cost between them."

Nowhere in the house is there any attempt at elaborate furnishing, for the club members were unanimous in their desire to make the whole project as inexpensive as possible. They opined that freedom, and cleanliness, and wholesome food were the chief considerations. These they have secured for a price well within their incomes.

The Club dispenses with formality as much as possible. It has neither by-laws nor dues, and often important conferences are held right in the dining-room where a soup-spoon is the only gavel in evidence. The President of the Club signs the annual lease for the house and the agreements with the telephone and electric light companies. The Treasurer keeps a simple little account-book made up from the bills rendered, and the semi-monthly remittances of the members.

The rent is \$360 for the year, and divided by the ten months the house is occupied, averages \$36 monthly. It takes 14 tons of furnace coal at

\$7.50, 6 tons of nut coal at \$8, and four loads of wood at \$3 to furnish heat and keep the kitchen range going. This amounts to \$165 for the year, or \$16.50 per month for the school year.

The serious question of what was to be done about tending furnace confronted the household with the first cold night in October. One of the members, an athletic person with a Smith College gymnasium training, announced that she had had practical experience in keeping heaters in good humor. She declared that rather than add the expense of a man to their budget, she would shovel and "bank," and otherwise perform the morning and evening rites which insure hot steam pipes. She was as good as her word, too, and there was a warm house all winter long.

A brief statement of the average monthly disbursements for ten months show:

Rent	\$36.00
Heat	16.50
Food	84.00
Light	4.00
Housekeeper	20.00
Telephone	2.00
Newspapers69
Piano	5.00
Incidentals	12.00
	<hr/> \$180.19

The incidental fund is an elastic arrangement which provides for repairs, cutting grass, sifting ashes, replacing dishes. The \$180.19 monthly expense divided between the nine club members means that they must each pay \$20.02, or less than \$5 a week, laundry not included.

EVERY ninth week one of the teachers assumes responsibility for the house for seven days. During that time she plans meals, attends to the marketing and the serving, gives instructions to the cook, and is general house-manager. There is keen rivalry as to who shall give the best meals for the least money, but woe to her who tries to keep expenses down by "skipping." Home receipts are pridefully tried out, and their popularity determined by vote. The majority rules in such matters as salad dressings and layer-cake fillings. Every once in a while somebody's father sends a barrel of apples, or a mother parcel-posts a lot of preserves.

Out in the backyard is a garden. Capital for seeds and the preparation of the soil came from the Incidental Fund. Lettuce, radishes, string-beans, and peas were ready before

the teachers went away in late June. A small crop of potatoes helped out the market bills in the fall. There is even a coop or two of chickens to provide eggs and broilers, this last venture being a private enterprise of the house-keeper's.

One of the happiest things about the Club's house is the visits from "the folks." Mothers arrive on Saturdays and go peeking around the place with incredulous satisfaction. Once in a while fathers get to Sharon;

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ON THE PORCH OF THE TEACHERS' HOME IN SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS



"WHAT WILL BECOME OF THEM?" ANITA HATHAWAY PUT THE QUESTION SUDDENLY. A STRICTURE SEEMED ABOUT HER HEART

FOR MEN MUST WORK

By MARIEL BRADY

Illustrated by G. A. HARKER

IN the solitude of her own expensively done dressing-room, Mrs. Philip Hathaway had felt an exquisite satisfaction with herself; her new gown, her pretty hat, her jewels—every little detail of her well-groomed appearance had seemed to her critical eyes almost flawless; yet, less than five minutes later, as she was being rapidly borne along toward the Country Club in the Ryerson's huge car, she was feeling distinctly dowdy and ill at ease. Covertly, she glanced at the cause of this distressing change in her serenity.

Mrs. Paul Ryerson sat beside her guest in the habitual ease of manner which had made her the great lady of Avalon. Her gray gown, of a soft, satin-finished fabric, was simplicity itself, but the simplicity for which the Parisian modiste charges fabulous prices. Her broad-brimmed black hat, with its one softly curling plume, rested on bronze hair flecked with silver. Her dark eyes brooded under heavily lashed white lids and a dash of brilliant color lay on each oval cheek. Women who envied or disliked her—and they were many—said her maid was certainly an accomplished artist; her family knew she owed the beautiful tint to a slow but nevertheless fatal disease of the heart.

Anita Hathaway, sitting beside this luxuriously cared-for woman, felt a kind of hopeless hatred toward her and all that she represented: her beautiful home, which she herself had designed and furnished; her position as wife of the wealthiest and most influential man in Avalon; her distinguished lineage; her poise; her broad culture; even her philanthropies which were lavish in the extreme—all these she hated, as she listened to the low, beautifully modulated voice recounting a thrilling victory in the tennis tournament then in progress at the club.

She felt another twinge of envy as Felix, the expert mechanic, swung a daring circle and stopped the motor before the club veranda. The little car in the stone garage at home, which had seemed so delightful last summer, became now too poor a thing to call one's own.

MRS. RYERSON came up the steps with her languorous grace of movement, her hand at her guest's elbow. A little babel of delighted greetings saluted her. Anita Hathaway, sharply watchful for condescension, confessed to herself that not a trace was visible as one after another cordially acknowledged Mrs. Ryerson's few gay words of introduction; and, presently, as she sat in the comfortable

wicker chair, a sense of exquisite well-being enwrapped her. The moral support which every woman can extract from the consciousness of being well and becomingly attired, steadied her nerves. She turned impulsively toward young Bob Lowther who was hovering admiringly near.

"Isn't it charming here?" she said, her eyes on shaven golf links and rose-crowned hedges winding away into the blue distance.

"Yes," replied the impressionable Bob, very deliberately; "distinctly charming. Is this your first visit, Mrs. Hathaway?"

"Yes," she admitted, flushing a little, "but I hope not my last. Mr. Hathaway's name is to come before the membership committee next week."

"Oh!" said young Lowther, rather blankly. He knew Philip Hathaway in a business way as a nice chap in the American Bank; socially, their circles had never touched. Flushing a little, himself, at the rudeness into which his surprise had betrayed him, he hastened to cover his confusion.

WELL, then, we'll see a lot of you, I hope. Inaccessible place, though. Hope you never had the time I had to-day. You see, I told my driver to pick me up at the University. After I'd hung around an hour or so, I got word he'd been seen miles out of town with my car, joy-riding his friends, I suppose. Well, the trolley seemed the next best thing. Little Bobby climbed aboard and—not a blessed cent in his pockets! Lovely, wasn't it? Well, I touched a stout old party next to me for the nickel; gave him my business card, age, color, and previous condition of servitude. The S. O. P. looked me all over through a pair of horn-rimmed specs, concluded to trust me, and fished out a little bit of a purse about half the size of your palm. He opened this very cautiously, took out a nickel, eyed it tearfully for the last time, and handed it over. Believe me, Mrs. Hathaway, if you want to get along in this world and have a staving big bank account, marry a man who carries his small change in a little purse! That old codger is pretty nearly the richest man in town. To-morrow I'm going to send him a nice new little purse, stuffed full of nickels."

Anita laughed. "But I've already married a man who carries his change loose in his pockets," she protested gaily. Bob Lowther shook his head.

"Too bad!" he said solemnly. "That's the sign manual of the blue-blooded spender, and we all know where he ends. Make him a Christmas present of a little purse, I entreat you."

"What nonsense is Bob telling you?"

Mrs. Ryerson, smiling faintly, the crimson dashes brilliant on her cheeks, paused beside them. "You must learn to take the proverbial grain of salt with all he—Why, whose car is that, tearing up the drive at such a pace?"

A FLAMING red motor flashed up to the steps and disgorged two men. Anita Hathaway recognized them as Julius Seering and Addison Morse, directors in the bank where her husband was cashier and treasurer. They looked warm and harassed, and a foreboding of trouble smote her instantly.

"Well, what's the good word?" demanded young Lowther cheerfully. "Separated lots of trusting folks from their little wads to-day?"

Seering sat down heavily in a convenient chair. He was a stolid man, blond and clean-shaven, but something had shaken even his stolidity.

"Haven't you people heard?" he said sharply. "Kingston and Lewis of the Standard were arrested this afternoon. They are in jail now."

Kingston and Lewis! A stunned silence fell on the occupants of the veranda. Kingston and Lewis, members of the Country Club, in jail!

"Embezzlement?" queried Mrs. Ryerson, under her breath, the bright color coming and going in her face.

Addison Morse nodded rather reluctantly. He had just remembered that Paul Ryerson was president of the Standard.

"Fifty thousand for Kingston; forty odd for Lewis. They've admitted it, too," he answered glumly. "There'll be the deuce and all to pay to-morrow. A run on the Standard will start a run on the American, and we're rather tightly squeezed just now as it is. We couldn't weather it. Money's tight as a drum."

"Poor Mrs. Kingston!" said Paul Ryerson's wife, softly. "Such a delicate, pretty woman! What a dreadful thing for her to face. Of course, he'll find a bondsman before night."

"Jove, I'd rather stay in the friendly shelter of the jail," Lowther remarked. "Just think of facing one's acquaintances after owning up to looting fifty thousand! It takes nerve, that."

"What will become of them?"

Anita Hathaway put the question suddenly. A stricture seemed about her heart. She put down her fragile tea cup and clenched her slim, pretty hands on the arms of her chair.

Seering shrugged indifferent shoulders. "Ten—fifteen years, probably," he answered judicially. "It will depend a good deal who takes the case. They can't repay much of anything. I understand their houses have paper roofs and there are no other assets. Lived up to everything, the young fools. I've been suspicious of those two for some time. Don't waste your sympathy, Mrs. Hathaway. You'll find Phil isn't laddling up any sentiment about this business. All he's worrying about is a run on our shebang in the morning."

Addison Morse rose restlessly. "Any of you people seen Glendenning? We've chased all over town in the hope of locating him. It will be an all-night session for all of us."

"Glen went over the course this morning; had a rub-down and lunched with me," answered Lowther promptly. "You'll probably find the fat beggar snoozing at the club in town. Cheer up, children! Glen'll pull you out of the hole. He's got oodles of money."

YES," admitted Morse, without enthusiasm. He beckoned to the driver of the red car. "Good-by, everybody. Don't expect to see Phil till some time to-morrow, Mrs. Hathaway. Among us all, we may avert anything serious."

When the red car had bounded away down the drive, Bob Lowther spoke.

"Well, well, who'd have thought it? Both here at the dance last night, chipper as you please. Both in church last Sunday. I know, for I was there, and some of you sinners were not. Oh, money, money! 'The root of all evil,' the preacher says."

"Never misquote, Bob," reproved Paul Ryerson's wife gravely. "It's the love of money—the unwise love—which is the evil thing."

She had risen as she spoke, her heavily lidded eyes widely opened, and the beauty of them was almost startling.

A small blonde woman, with high color and very faint eyebrows, pursed knowing lips. She was the wife of Alan Stevens, a prominent lawyer of Avalon, whose professional standing gave his wife the entrée to circles closed to her before her marriage. Mrs. Stevens' idea of showing social superiority was to ignore frigidly the unfortunates not in her circle. She had not yet arrived at that enviable stage where one is so sure of her standing that the acquaintance of even a street-sweeper cannot injure it. Mrs. Stevens was very careful to whom she spoke; but she spoke now and to some purpose.

"Well, I hope this disgraceful affair will teach some people a needed lesson. The idea of those people—mere nobodies—belonging to this club, anyway! Those middle-class people are always trying to live beyond their station in life. And their houses! I give you my word that Mrs. Kingston's dining-room looked like a silversmith's the last time I was there. I haven't half such a supply; but then my husband isn't in jail for theft. And who was she,



"LEGALLY, I DO NOT OWE THE BANK ONE FRACTION OF A CENT; MORALLY, I OWE IT EVERYTHING, EVEN YOU, ANITA"

anyway? Just a clerk or private secretary, I believe. Well, it illustrates the old saying: 'Put a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil.'"

A rather shocked silence followed this candid remark. Secretly, many of her audience agreed with her. There is no aristocracy quite so exclusive as the aristocracy of a small city. The *nouveaux riches* need expect only frosty toleration, and the climber toils for years in vain. One may possess two automobiles and a house in a carefully restricted section, but if it is common knowledge that one's grandfather murdered the king's English while he held down his job as janitor of the city hall, what boots it? In a large city, only the newspapers would remark on this information; but, in your small city, society is rather more particular. Grandfathers count.

ANITA HATHAWAY'S face had grown scarlet, then deathly white. Being a very observant young gentleman, Mr. Robert Lowther moved so as to shield her from Mrs. Stevens' prominent blue eyes. Those eyes were glancing furtively in several directions where their owner fancied her shots had told. Having the proud record herself of never having lifted her lily hands before her marriage, subsisting upon an overworked father, a drudge of a mother, and several mortgages upon their home, Mrs. Stevens naturally resented the intrusion into the club of those families of which the feminine members had once been guilty of the crime of work.

Paul Ryerson's wife glanced curiously into Mrs. Stevens' light eyes. She made no comment, however, but

pressed the signal for her motor, and until Felix, the magnificent, appeared, she kept her grave and half-closed eyes on the faint green curves of the distant hills.

When the great car chugged and snorted at the steps, she spoke quietly in Bob Lowther's ear, and he sprang in beside the two women.

The group on the veranda had broken up; the women had wandered indoors to their own quarters to discuss the news in their several fashions; the men were gathering up their belongings preparatory to a speedy departure to the news center.

THE Ryerson car moved rapidly toward town, its three occupants silently gazing about them. Presently Anita Hathaway spoke. There were scarlet spots of color under each cheek-bone.

"Those women! I know, they are simply gloating over this. They'll estimate the worth of every article in those poor things' houses and put it down as purchased with stolen money. Probably it's not so, at all. Perhaps those men speculated. Do you know, Mr. Lowther?"

"No," said Lowther, soberly, "I don't. Everyone liked Kingston and his wife. Lewis was a reserved chap; but neither one ever discussed business in my hearing. I tell you, handling those immense sums is a terrible

temptation. If I had a son, a bank is the last place I should choose for him."

Mrs. Ryerson looked at his earnest young face. "We have to prove ourselves," she suggested softly. "Sometimes, it's as well to know the weak spot in one's armor."

There was no crowd about the jail, but on the street corners knots of men discussed the story. The daily paper was out with the news in scare-heads on the first page.

They were nearing the Standard as she spoke. Across the street rose the new and ornate marble facade of the American. It was long past closing time, yet the three in the car knew that behind locked doors were men working madly to avert threatened disgrace.

Lowther spoke to Felix, and the big car glided to the curb.

"I'm leaving you here," said he crisply. "Thank you for the lift. I'm going in to see if I can be of any use. Perhaps Paul can think of something."

Paul Ryerson's wife leaned forward.

"Will you tell him for me, please, to use anything or all of mine he needs?" she said quietly.

The two women did not speak again until they reached the Hathaways' drive; then Mrs. Ryerson touched her guest's hand.

"You'll forgive me for being so distraught? I meant you to have such a pleasant afternoon, but this—happening—has disarranged everything. I feel—dazed."

"I feel as if the end of the world had come," declared Anita solemnly. "And yet why should we feel so? It has nothing to do with us, really."

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FOR SOME OTHER WOMAN

By THE MOTHER OF A SON

Illustrated by G. A. HARKER

MY son Robert is twenty-nine years of age, and my daughter Olivia, who has been married for five years and who lives in another city, six hundred miles from us, is thirty-one.

Olivia came home to visit her father and me, and for the first time in her married life, she unburdened her soul to me, and told me that, despite the love between her and her husband, she was not happy. Frank seemed to take his husbandhood, his fatherhood, his very manhood, in an untrained and amateurish way. I feel sure that Olivia has, from what she said, a much better grasp on the facts of life and of living than Frank could ever have. In his business, my son-in-law is mildly successful, but only that. He has not the "punch," as Robert calls it, to be superlative in anything, though I thought he had more promise to him when he married Olivia. As for Olivia herself, we had sufficient means to give her a fine education. Music, and travel she got when she left the small woman's college near our town, and, added to this mental equipment, I had striven to teach her the multitudinous lessons she would have to learn as a wife, a mother, a housekeeper. She was an apt pupil, and would have made a helpmate in the true sense of the word for any man. I am sure that the lack of success in her married life is not her fault—and I say this impartially.

The first night of her visit home, after tucking her up in her old bed as though she were my little girl again, I left her weary and pale from her confession of troubles to me, and went down-stairs to my husband and Robert who were reading near the lamp in the living-room. Olivia's tears were tears of real sorrow, and they lay heavy on my heart. Olivia's soul was sweet; she had a proud young body; it was not she but the other woman who had failed—the mother of Frank. I know Frank fairly well. His parents had given him the average education that average middle-class people give their sons. He was not a professional man. He had a salaried position (which he was never able to better) in a real-estate company, and, added to this, played the organ in a chapel for a small salary. Olivia counted the organ playing as a form of enjoyment and encouraged him in it except when some week-day service kept him away from his more legitimate business. He was an honest young man, with some good principles, a pleasing personality, and, I felt sure, gentleman enough to be faithful to Olivia always. But so far as his ability and business success as a husband, a father, a head of a house, he was, from what Olivia had told me, as ill-trained as a young man could be. As I say, the other woman had failed. She had not thought of my daughter.

AS I sat there trying to sew, I looked over at Robert, and my heart suddenly sickened within me. A horrible feeling of failure, of self-censure overpowered me, until I could have screamed aloud that I had been blind!

I had, after all, not trained him for his future job in life, as the husband of some other woman's daughter. Robert is good. He lacks, perhaps, the essentials that lead to a very successful career, that is, a brilliant career from a worldly point of view; but he is passably clever at his work. Immediately after he graduated from college he went on the leading newspaper in our town as a reporter and is now one of the assistant editors. He has character, a good disposition, and a love for all the finer and higher aspects of life. But a man needs more than that.

Things are not left to instinct these days. A girl is taught how to take care of a baby long before she has one; she is not hurried into matrimony with a vague idea of its

demands, its duties, its needs, its countless expediences, and sacrifices. But how tragically much is left to a man's later and costly learning! Society demands merely that he earn an adequate salary before he dare ask a woman to become a partner in the most important business in the world.

"Robert," I said suddenly, when his father had gone out for a late walk and we were alone, "haven't you ever seriously thought of marrying?"

"Well, for the love of Mike!" cried my son. At other times we would have laughed together, but, that night, I could find no laughter. Other girls were suffering in many, many homes as my Olivia was suffering at that moment up-stairs. I must save some girl from Robert's inadequacy. It is never too late to begin.

"Be serious," said I. "You are no longer a boy. If you are ever going to build up a home of your own, don't leave it until too late."

After a few moments of trying to find out if I were only playing with the question, he pulled his chair up nearer mine and confessed.

"Mother, I hope it won't be long now!"

"Ah!" I said, and with all my common sense, my heart seemed to blur. But I stifled my feeling.

"Who is it, Robert? Kitty?"

"Yes," said my son, and I saw in his eyes the look that told he really loved her.

ALL right," I went on stoutly. "That's fine. I'll do everything in my power to help you. I'm fond of Kitty, and I'd lay down my life to make you happy. But you must do your share. You must not leave the business of life too much to your wife, when you get her. Life is practical, my son. I'm not a sordid, worldly woman, but fine natures need fine handling. You can't build a wren's nest and run it as a wren's nest, and expect a swallow to be happy in it. You're making forty dollars a week—isn't that it?"

"Yes. I'll have to spur myself on."

"Well, forty dollars isn't so bad in a small place like this—to start with. And Kitty's a clever little housekeeper, and should manage very well. I suppose you won't let her do all the work of your house herself?"

"No," Robert said, "of course not. If I can't marry a woman and keep her at least something like her father kept her, I'll wait a bit."

"I suppose you'll think me lacking in proper poetic sentiment if I agree with you, but I do. Everything is relative, Robert. A great deal of misery has been caused by so-called romantic marriages when girls are suddenly expected to be entirely different persons from their former beings—different in everything—customs, life, habits, work, abilities. Kitty has many gifts, and will help you more exercising them than if she were to lose them in the depths of the wash-tubs or the cooking-stove. But, mind you, from what I know of Kitty, she is capable of telling some other woman exactly how to manage those two pieces of furniture."

Robert nodded his head, and I went on. "You've never had your life insured, have you?"

"No. But I suppose it would be better if I looked after that now." He didn't sound enthusiastic. These details annoyed him, as they did Olivia's husband.

"Yes," said I, inexorably. "The day you and Kitty are married, you should put that insurance paper, made out to Kitty, in her hands. If you can't afford to guard her future, she who puts her life into your hands, you should wait until you're in a firmer financial condition."

Robert leaned forward, frowning.

"You make it all sound like a business transaction, Mother. I don't like it."

"I know. But it is a business transaction, in a way. Suppose, a while after you are married, you were to die. You haven't a cent of real income that Kitty could inherit. Your salary would cease, Kitty might have a child, and not be able to earn her own living. Whether she liked it or not, whether it dragged her pride in you down into defeat, she'd have to accept her parents' aid again."

Robert got up and walked about the room, his face burning.

"I'm not going to die," he cried, fiercely.

"Don't be a child," I cautioned him. "Show your manliness, your right to take a woman to yourself, by protecting her as well as you can."

"But why all this to-night?" my son asked defiantly.

"Your sister has opened my eyes. She's worrying herself to death. Frank dreams at his business, and wants to give all his time to his organ playing. Olivia realizes that he is not a good enough organist to make much of a place

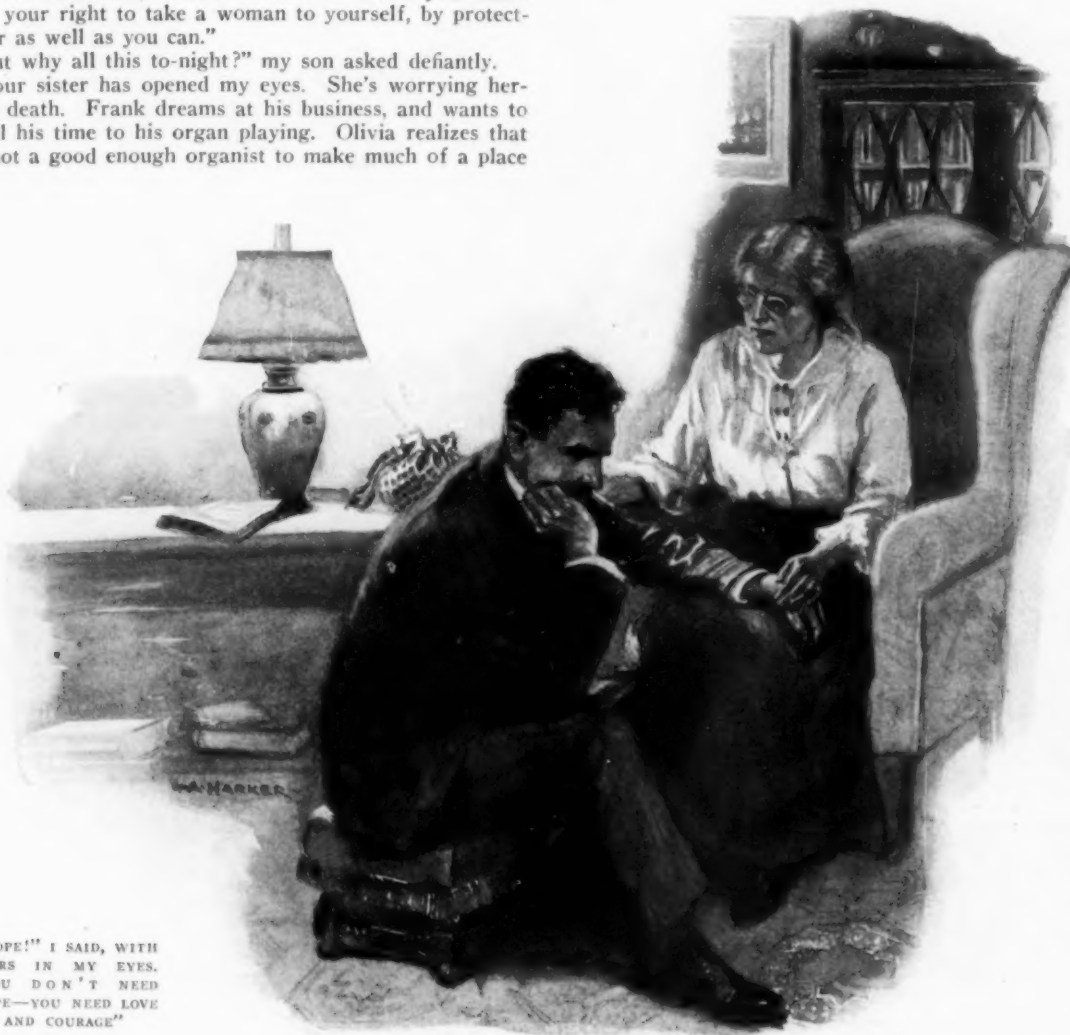
discarded and something else undertaken. It isn't a livelihood, it is a fad."

"Mother," announced my son, "you're talking like a grenadier. You don't sound like yourself."

"I've been my stupid self too long," I told him. "I've never thought of the woman who would some day be your wife. I don't want her to suffer through me. Oh, you know so little of women, except to fall in love with one of them."

Robert, walking around the room nervously, pulled his chair up before mine and seated himself once more.

"Anything more?" he asked.



"HOPE!" I SAID, WITH
TEARS IN MY EYES,
"YOU DON'T NEED
HOPE—YOU NEED LOVE
AND COURAGE"

for himself at that. Just plain human living will be even more uncertain for her than it has been. He is not insured. He hasn't saved a cent. If he were to be desperately ill, or to die, she would be in a dire condition. Little Frank will be growing up soon. Olivia has ambitions for him, but Frank won't help her carry them out. He won't take responsibility."

"I didn't know all this," said Robert.

"Nor I until to-night. Olivia never gave me a suspicion of it at all. Oh, Robert, my son, it isn't that women want grandeur, or luxury, or display. It is only that the right sort of women want to be taken care of carefully, thoughtfully, provided by their husbands with a certain decent surety of life—as much as one human can give another. Robert, a business which doesn't bestow on a man's wife some peace of mind so far as money goes, should be

"A lot more," I told him. "One ought to have a sort of divine courage for the future, but that doesn't mean foolhardiness. You must think of Kitty. If Kitty is ill, can you care for her? Can you save enough ever to engage a trained nurse if she should need one? Have you ever thought of things like that? Have you ever realized that there are accident insurance companies in the world to help you over bad times if you are inclined to fall down and break your bones and have to give up your work for a while?"

Robert's mouth twisted into a kind of bitter smile.

"There are," said he, "all sorts of catechisms people feel bound to go through these days when they think of marriage—physical, mental, emotional—it's a pretty clean sweep. But for a cold-blooded catechism, commend me to yours,

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OUR FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE MAIL-BOX

AN OPEN LETTER ABOUT THE HOME

By ZONA GALE

A WOMAN of ninety-three said to me lately: "I am so glad to have lived to see so many things different." She did not say: "Times are not what they used to be."

She was glad that she had lived to see so many things different. Because becoming different may mean improvement. But staying the same never means improvement.

There are a good many kinds of things which change in our towns, and these changes we usually watch with pride. When the kerosene street-lamps give place to gas and electric street-lamps; when the dirt roads become brick or macadam; when the lawns grow green and well-watered; when the rivers have levees and bridges; when the one-story frame stores give place to two- and three-story brick shops; when the cans and quart measures in the milk wagons give place to clean bottles; when the open grocery- and meat-wagons change to covered delivery-carts; when automobile hook-and-ladder carts and fire-engines displace the bucket brigade and the horses; when the library and the city hall are housed in dignified buildings—once safely accomplished, all these changes become matters of pride and delight to all citizens.

Of course, there are those who object in the beginning. But we do not pay much attention to them any more. We know that the objectors are too often wrong.

Now, of all these changes, the changes in the houses in which we live are among the most marked. I don't need to tell you how. Gas ranges and gas jets and electric switches and water pipes, instead of wood cooking-stoves and candle-molds and kerosene-lamps and water-pails—you know what has happened to your houses in the last twenty-five years. And in all these changes you rejoice.

There are changes, as well, in the activities of the women who spend their time chiefly in the houses. Whereas canned salmon and mackerel and canned corn and tomatoes used to be the chief articles procurable ready-cooked, now the whole gamut of vegetables, soups, fruits, spaghetti, pickles, and breakfast foods are obtainable in delicious and reasonably inspected form, so that the labor of preparing food is amazingly minimized. And in this, likewise, you delight, and upon it you congratulate yourselves.

BUT there is one set of changes in every community that is always feared and fought. Almost every woman instinctively objects to them. Almost every woman instinctively turns against the mention of them, and flies to the side of things-as-they-have-always-been. And these changes about which women are instinctively conservative are changes in the home itself. I do not mean in the house—we know that that changes. I mean in the home.

When the home changes—like everything else—women begin to be afraid. They join the objectors. They talk about the homes they remember twenty years ago—or fifty years ago. In everything else we are glad to have lived to see so many things different. But the minute the home changes at all, women say: "The American home is not what it used to be." In spite of this, the home has changed before one's eyes. I am asking you only to look at what is everywhere before you, and instead of objecting to it, to accept it—and see what to do about it.

In the home very few women give their whole time any more to preserving and canning and scrubbing and sewing



MISS ZONA GALE

rag-carpet and stitching. If women do that, we very well know that they are behind the times, and we are very likely to say so. Every woman, who is not behind the times, is beginning to watch what goes on in the world about her. She is even beginning to take part in it. I do not mean just in ministering to the poor and the sick. I mean in actual, active, constructive work.

In the home, nobody's children are being taught their lessons—or at least, in very few homes indeed. Nor do they find there much of their amusement. A large part of their amusement and recreation are found outside the average home. The mere advent of motion-picture shows, band concerts, playgrounds has changed the home, because the young people get their recreation largely there.

For its prepared food, its ready-made clothing, its modern conveniences, its edu-

cation, its amusements, and very many of its sober interests, the home is dependent on the outside world. The family in the home is becoming more and more identified with the family of the town and of the state.

Do you know what happened when the first step was taken in this long movement? The first step was the free public schools. And almost nobody remembers now how a cry went up all over the lands that in taking education out of the home, the home was going to be harmed, going to lose its influence, even going to be broken up.

And do you know what happened when one of the next steps was taken in this long, weary freeing of the family from its four walls? Do you know that when Sunday schools were first opened in England, they were objected to by the majority on the ground that they were taking religion out of the home, that they were to lessen the influence of the home, and that the home influence was even to be broken up?

AND do you know what happened when another step was taken along the same road? That when the kindergarten was first opened, the mothers of the world cried out that this was an effort to take their children from them too young, that it would wean them away from home, that it would lessen home influence, that it would break up the home?

Even yet, in the smaller communities, others of these steps are being fought. Medical inspection of school children is being objected to on the same grounds that all this should be seen to in the home—this, regardless of the fact that it is not properly seen to in an appalling number of homes. Within three years I have heard a woman say regarding the introduction of domestic science in the public schools that "girls should be taught these things in the home"—regardless of the number of girls who are not taught in the home, and of the fact that experts can teach these things better, just as they can teach geometry and algebra better than they could be taught in the home.

One of the next steps—the socializing of recreation—is still in the stage of being fought in the same way. Playgrounds, motion-pictures in the schoolhouses, school-house dances, social centers, are all objected to by many because "the children ought to have their homes made attractive to them instead." Or because "the children ought to be home and in bed." The fact remains that

[Concluded on page 77]

THE DAILY ANNALS OF ANNEMARIA

By BLANCHE BRACE

Illustrated by ENOS B. COMSTOCK

BUT I do not see why a missionary need nescerrarily be fat," penned Annemaria crookedly, just as Billy Hinchey, lounging down the aisle, fell into his seat with a jar that shook the ink in six wells.

The little girl glanced tragically at the spattered page, glowered at the hunched, lazy back in front of her, mopped up the mess with a blotter, and once more bent thoughtful brows over what she had just written.

"I have desided not to be a missionary, as I had always planned, though nobody knew it, of coarse. Not likly. The reason why I changed my mind was that I heard Uncle Bob say that Miss Susan Peters was much too skinny to make a good missionary, and I am even more skinny than her. But I do not see why a missionary need nescerrarily be fat."

"Lo, Annemaria!" whispered Erminie, as she flashed, pink and white and golden, up the aisle towards the wastebasket, a green lead-pencil, proudly crowned with an emerald set, in her hand.

Annemaria stared after her, sulkily. Erminie and she were as tantalizingly dissimilar as their two names; and Annemaria knew in advance that no fewer than three boys would spring up to sharpen the green lead pencil—not that she cared, but it showed what geese boys were, that was all! She opened the pudgy composition-book again, and wrote in it savagely:

"Erminie shows her dimples constantly. She must be trying to make a sponge out of her face."

Annemaria smiled at this for a full minute, and then the relentless honesty that was so intrinsic a part of her make-up compelled her to add another line:

"I could get along with three or four of them myself."

ANNEMARIA sighed a little as she slapped the book shut. No one had ever suspected the passionate longing to be beautiful that hid itself somewhere behind the little girl's wide, impish grin and shrugged shoulders. Not even in the "DAILY ANNALS OF ANNEMARIA SHELTON, DAME," (she had looked up the feminine of squire in her grammar) had the child confessed her pangs, except in some such chance phrase. For beautiful was just what Annemaria was not. She was, as she had admitted, even "more skinny" than Miss Susan Peters. The features of Annemaria's thin little face had a curious, misfit effect, the nose rather Irish in tendency, the mouth too wide and far from finely



MEN WOULD NOT BE LAUGHED AT, SHE HAD LEARNED THAT BEYOND THE POSSIBILITY OF ARGUING

chiseled. Her brown hair was drawn sharply away from her funny little face into two, curly, crooked braids. Her eyes round and of an amazing innocence, were of no especial color, while their heavy brows and lashes gave a quaint air of over-emphasis to her face. There was a certain charm in the constant, kaleidoscopic shift of her expression.

IT was not a happy day with Annemaria. For the first time the boys of her acquaintance had banged the door upon her feminine nose, as to a proposed Saturday fishing jaunt.

"No girls going, this time!" her cousin, Jimmy Farrell, had explained with masculine brevity.

"Why, the girls never do go!" said Annemaria, dazedly. "But I always have gone, Jim. I'm not a— a reg'lar girl. You never have seen me cry once—you

know you haven't! And I can climb a tree as high as you can." Then, as she saw no signs of relenting upon his face, Annemaria screamed out, in untactful rage, "And higher, too!"

"Oh, can you?" snorted Jimmy, furious at the knowledge that what she said was true. "Well, anyhow, no girls going." But Jimmy was an apologetically kind-hearted boy, and the passionate distress upon the expressive little face really bothered him. "The fellows are beginning to laugh, the way I always bring you along," he explained.

"Oh, afraid of 'em, are you?" mocked Annemaria. But she knew that the day was lost. Men would not be laughed at, she had learned that beyond the possibility of arguing.

All day long, though Annemaria had grinned her wide, impish grin as usual, there lingered in the depths of her hurt little heart the wound that Jimmy, erstwhile ally, had gouged when he deserted. Also, she was conscious of being physically uncomfortable. The painful flush of her face was hardly warranted even by the fact that she had just written in *The Daily Annals* a new poem to Miss Gunning, her teacher, entitling it "The Blackboard Queen." Annemaria never once had brought Miss Gunning flowers, never had elbowed her way into the adoring, little-girl circle that at recess-time surrounded the teacher's desk. Sometimes, though, she lingered alone on the far side of the playground to see the teacher pass, after school, and she was intently conscious in the depths of her intense, reserved little heart, so successfully hidden under a chattering and volatile exterior, that she would die for Miss Gunning.

"My face hurts," mumbled Annemaria, half aloud, as the B class passed back to their seats.

"I should think it would!" jeered Lester Hughes, across the aisle.

Annemaria forgot that she had within the week airily confided to *The Daily Annals* that Lester was the smartest boy in the room, and if she ever had to marry anyone, she guessed she'd marry him.

"Got to sing this afternoon, ain't you?" he mocked. "Got to stand up in front of the whole room, and sing all alone, ain't you?"

"I guess you mean 'Haven't I?'" instructed Annemaria, with insufferable primness. "You think so, do you? You think I've got to?" She smiled.

"What you going to do about it, then?" demanded Lester, with unmistakable interest. Annemaria's previous escapades were of a kind to foster credulity.

"Do you really want to know?" whispered the little girl, in confidential appeal.

"Sure!" Lester leaned dangerously far out in the aisle, not to miss a syllable.

"Well, just wait and you'll find out!" grinned Annemaria, and loved the world again.

But as she leaned back in her seat, staring dutifully and unseeing at her spelling lesson, every insistent fiber of her being clamored to know how she meant to come up to her bluff. For that was Annemaria's whole conception of life—a gallant coming up to one's bluff.

Still, she could not help perceiving that the present situation was thickly streaked with difficulty and gloom. One day, the first of the week, the red-haired music-teacher had declared that Annemaria's row made more unmelodious melody than any other in the room, and had ended the hour with a threat to make them sing all by themselves the following day. After she had gone, the row had a brief, furious colloquy, and at Annemaria's suggestion, as one man, vowed silence the following day.

BUT resolution cools in twenty-four hours, and pales by contrast with red hair. At the word of the music-teacher, the next afternoon, three ashamed, wobbly voices piped forth into scared discord. Annemaria, alone, of the



"WELL, JUST WAIT, AND YOU'LL FIND OUT!" GRINNED ANNEMARIA, AND LOVED THE WORLD AGAIN

girls in the row, remained scornfully silent. The red-haired teacher, in ignoble revenge, had decreed that the little girl and the disobedient boys should sing "October's Bright Blue Weather," each one a stanza, and all together the chorus, at the Friday program. As a last Nero-like touch, the Eighth Grade, always supercilious, was to be invited in to witness their discomfiture. October's weather was less blue than Annemaria, whose religion it was to emerge from every situation with flying colors.

THE ironic tameness of her humiliation oppressed her. Being told to step forth upon the floor, and sing! She could see in advance the faint, bored smile of the Eighth-Grade teacher, the face that Jimmy Farrell would be sure to make, behind his Geography, the triumphant leer of the red-haired mistress of music. It was unbearable!

"Yet what can I do about it?" Annemaria asked herself desperately. At one time the inspiration had come to her to pretend that she was smitten with sudden dumbness. She abandoned that spectacular idea reluctantly, since her common sense urged that dumbness was forever beyond the reach of Annemaria. Only last night she had taken a cold-water bath, gritting her teeth and clutching the sides of the tub to keep herself in as long as possible. She had hoped to be too hoarse to sing, had even put a petition to that effect in her prayers. But she felt that she could never trust the Lord again, for though she could hear the persistent knock-knock of little hammers in her temples, and it hurt her to smile, her voice was fatally clear.

DON'T you care!" Big Jed Peters across the aisle attempted comfort, in his booming whisper.

"Care?" repeated Annemaria sweetly, while her fingers itched to strangle him. "What about?"

It was malicious of fate to have made Jed Peters the only boy in the room who cherished feelings of tenderness towards Annemaria. For she scorned sentiment in anyone, and found it particularly repellent in a fat, loose-jointed person with pale blue eyes and a vacuous smile. Yet Jed continued the offerings of true affection.

Yesterday she had made another indignant entry in *The Daily Annals*.

"He is so fat that I feel his deep affection is but a disgrace. To-day it was chocolate caramels. I frowned at him, as I had decided on, when he put them on my desk, but afterwards I ate them, which I fear was not onorable."

Annemaria, staring straight in front of her, dimly heard the oft-told story of William Tell, and wished that she could change places with his son. Sadly listening, Annemaria was conscious of the eyes of Miss Gunning boring through her. She trembled lest, hidden within her soul,



"WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR FACE?" HE DEMANDED

that august and adored personage should see traces of the poem written that day in *The Daily Annals*:

Adown a flight of schoolroom stares
With upturned face she stands;
Within her eyes, a smile she wears,
A ruler and white roses in her hands.

Queen of the blackboards, she—
And also of my aching hart;
And yet my love must never see,
Too far above me she art.

"Annemaria!" called Miss Gunning, "will you step down to the Principal's office at once, please?"

"The Principal's office!" For a moment even Annemaria started. The punishment seemed out of proportion even for the offense of poetry writing. She arose, and made her way rather blindly from the room. But at the door she turned, to bestow upon those who looked after her a wide, impish Annemaria grin. It had just occurred to her that she would inevitably delay "October's Bright Blue Weather."

Never before had Annemaria, with all her naughtiness, entered the grim abode, except upon some harmless errand. She had thought of it as the arena for boys and other criminals, and, in spite of herself, she caught her breath sharply. The principal, an alert young man with a humorous mouth and keen eyes, looked at her with much the same expression that Miss Gunning had worn.

"Well, young woman"—he greeted her with a smile—"what have you been up to, now?"

Annemaria grinned, but discreetly said nothing.

"What is the matter with your face?" he demanded.

Annemaria bridled, as any daughter of Eve, twice twitted in one afternoon with her appearance, has excuse for doing.

"I can't help the way I look!" she flashed. "You don't think I like to look this way, do you?"

THE Principal chuckled. From a distance he had watched Annemaria since she had entered the first grade, and had never failed to find her amusing.

"Well, well!" he said, soothingly, "just looking like that is going to give you a vacation of a week or two; so I think you ought not to mind. Run along home now, my dear. Did you wear a good warm coat?"

"Home!" exclaimed Annemaria. Her changing little face lit up with wild joy. Of a sudden, all the life went out of it.

"I've got to sing," she faltered, with her fatal honesty.

"Sing?" The Principal laughed. "Not to-day, I think! Do you know that you have a well-developed case of mumps?"

"Do-you-know-that-you-have-the-mumps-do-you-know-that-you-have-the-mumps?" All the way home Annemaria sang the little paean of joy over and over to herself. Now and then, when she thought of the bumptious Eight Graders waiting for her to come back and sing her "Bright Blue" stanza, and of the discomfiture of the red-haired teacher of music, the passers-by stared to see a small, thin girl, with a red and swollen face, rocking herself in glee upon a corner.

The next two weeks in the Shelton household were characterized by Uncle Bob as the Reign of Terror. Annemaria, deprived of her usual pursuits and shut off from all communication with her kind—even Jimmy Farrell had been banished to his grandmother's—was a burden for which no Atlas with a grain of sense would have exchanged his own.

For the first few days, it is true, she found ample amusement in the mere act of standing before a mirror and gazing at herself, so enjoying the novelty of her appearance that she laughed until tears of real pain were wrung from her. For Annemaria was cursed with an incipient sense of humor.

LATER, this palled upon her. She felt the need of occupation. One afternoon she did some clay-modeling, treating a little plaster Venus, beloved of Mrs. Shelton, to a case of mumps more exaggerated than her own. Another day she wrote through the *Webster's Unabridged*

at twenty-page intervals, "Annemaria Shelton, Mumps, Oct. 27, 1914." It had occurred to her that she might find this capular entry interesting in the declining years of her life.

Another device that proved of the greatest merit in whiling away the hours was a book with offensively green covers that Annemaria came upon cozily tucked away among the frills in one of her mother's dresser drawers. *Some Psychic Researches* she read upon the cover. That it was tucked away in an unusual place, instead of bore-somely living in the bookcase, attracted her. As a matter of fact, Annemaria's mother had hidden it away, awaiting leisure to look it over for a woman's club report. But the woman's club was never to thrill as did the little girl with the swollen jaws as she trembled through the enticing pages that furnished her first excursion into the elsewhere land of the spirit.

Annemaria wished desperately for her *Daily Annals*, longing to record the new sensations that pressed upon her. But she had never felt that the book could be at all safe under the same roof with Jimmy Farrell, her cousin, and so always left it in the sanctity of her desk at school. She made notes of some important facts that she must set down as soon as she got back:

[Continued on page 52]



"GOIN' TO MARRY ME, ARE YOU? WELL, YOU JUST AIN'T"



A

B

C FRONT OF HEAD-DRESS

D

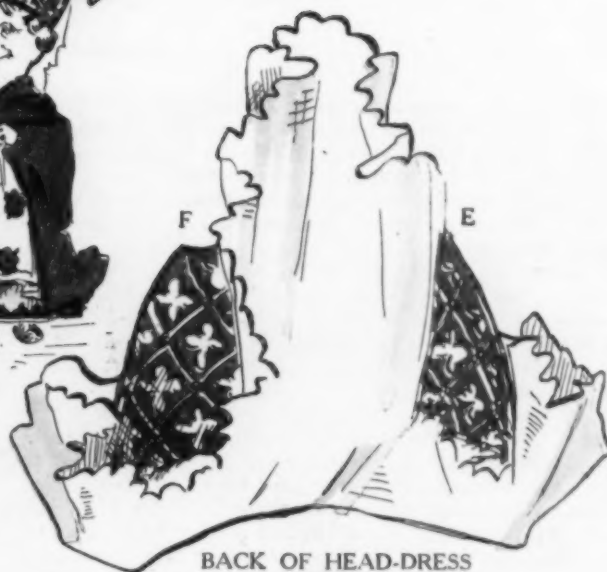


F

E



THIMBLE



BACK OF HEAD-DRESS



A

B

THE DUCHESS AN ALICE IN WONDERLAND CUT-OUT

Designed by RAY DUMONT

(See page 81 for directions)

DOES TAKING BOARDERS PAY?

By AGNES ATHOL

Illustrated by JOHN R. NEILL

THE most efficient and effective boarding-house I have ever known was run by a woman over sixty, who lived in a little ordinary three-story frame house in a New York suburb. Her only assistant was a niece who waited on table and helped wash dishes, at a salary of fifteen dollars a month. The aunt did all the cooking, house-cleaning, and laundry work, thus saving the cost of those items. Ten dollars was the highest-priced room she had, six the cheapest—these prices included board. This was when steak and chops were selling at thirty-five cents a pound, and she had a rent of forty dollars a month to meet. Her house was always full, and there were several table boarders.

"I would make more, of course, if I could get higher prices," she told me, "but the people who want to live in this neighborhood will not pay any more. As you know, I have two school-teachers, a trained nurse, and those three young electricians; they cannot pay more. And I will not give second quality in anything. I market in person, and see that everything is first class—the best butter, and eggs, and olive oil, and coffee. Running this house, keeping it clean, and having meals on time naturally takes every minute of the day, but what else is there in which an old woman like myself could make even a living? I keep my expenses down by doing my own buying, cooking, and serving. I use individual portions of everything, and there is very little wasted. I cook combinations that leave out the expensive things and utilize the equally nourishing but cheaper foods. I use butter substitutes in my cooking, but never second-rate butter. I know exactly how many portions of salad can be made from a can of pineapple and a head of lettuce; how far a hand of bananas will go; I get my boarding-house discount, of course, from certain tradespeople, and other purchases are made in wholesale quantities at wholesale rates. Buying properly for a boarding-house is a business in itself, and until a beginner masters the buying end, profits are apt to be uncertain! I make my living and a little over and consider myself fortunate."

This boarding-house is more or less typical of the whole field. There

are boarding-houses, and boarding-houses, of course, but they more or less divide themselves into two classes—the near-hotel type with the best of food and service with prices to match, and the house designed to meet the requirements of patrons in moderate circumstances. For the first type a large capital is required, both to furnish the house adequately, and to meet the bills for service, which would have to be much higher priced than in the second type of boarding-house. For the average woman this near-hotel is not even to be considered. With the ordinary boarding-house, on the other hand, the profits are much smaller; in many cases, unless they are managed very deftly, indeed, they give little more than a living to the landlady and her family, but the risk is also proportionately reduced, and they can be started by a person of no business training. Given the ability to buy and prepare good food economically, to keep a house clean, and to meet people with tact and with friendliness, the successful boarding-house keeper emerges.

It is sometimes said to be a mistake to start a small boarding-house with only a few boarders, on the principle that the investment in equipment is very little different for a larger establishment. But this is looking at the matter from the near-hotel standpoint. The woman who has only her household possessions to start with often has to take only as many boarders as she can furnish rooms for, and she must eliminate the help problem as far as her strength permits. It is much better to grow than to start big and then fail.

The first pitfall for the unwary is usually in the range of prices decided on for the rooms. In endeavoring to attract, the price charged in many cases does not cover actual expenses. A young man or woman living at home and paying board seldom contributes more than the bare cost of the food consumed; the mother and father, arguing that they would have to have a house, anyway, fail to charge each paying member of the household with a just proportion of house-rent, light, laundry, soap, cleaning, table and other service, fuel, depreciation of furnishings, and

[Continued on page 80]



A WEEK AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON	DINNER
1. Meat Balls	Stew, Strawberries	Veal Chops, Asparagus, Prune Whip
2. Lamb Hash on Toast	Cold Ham, Iced Cakes	Pork Roast, Apple Sauce, Macaroni with Peppers and Tomatoes, Blanc Manger, Custard Sauce
3. Two Slices of French Fried Toast	Ravioli from left-over Pork, Plain Cake	Steak, Sweet Potatoes, Onions, Apple Pie
4. Creamed Chipped Beef	Steak, Corn Starch Dessert	Fried Fish, Browned Mashed Potatoes, Spinach, Steamed Apple Pudding
5. Codfish Balls	Cold Pork, Pineapple	Lamb Stew, Carrots, Baked Custard
6. Poached Egg on Toast	Salmon Salad, Apple Pie	Roast Lamb, Peas, Rice Pudding
7. Sausage Balls and Pancakes (Sunday)	Potato Salad, Cold Roast Beef, preserves (supper)	Roast Beef, Corn, Raspberry Gelatine with Cream

A week's menu costing only three dollars per person. With breakfast, in addition to the above, there was served fruit, cereal, toast, or hot bread, and coffee; with luncheon, bread and tea; and with dinner, soup, salad, bread and coffee.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS CAKE

THE RECEIPT I HAVE USED FOR FOUR ADMINISTRATIONS

By BETTY LYLE WILSON

THE chief honor of my professional career has been the privilege of making, each Christmas, a cake for the White House. I have had the pleasure of shipping cakes to England for the Royal table, to Scotland, Austria, Australia, Canada, South America, Mexico, and even the Philippines, but the deepest feeling of pride and happiness comes to me from the fact that my work, something I can do with my own hands, is worthy a place on the table of the President of the United States.

Although I have baked these cakes for the last four administrations, it always seems like a wonderful fairy story. I feel each year new pride in putting into the making of them all my skill, and my patriotic enthusiasm is newly awakened and brightened every year because I have had even a small share in adding to the good cheer and Christmas spirit at the holiday dinner of the head of my country.

The cake is always a fruit cake. All ingredients, the flavors, the blending, the baking, are, each and every one, the result of much thought and careful experimenting—even the baking-pan has been especially manufactured. I have, one may say, standardized this cake. The same good things go into it every year, the very best that can be bought; it is always the same size and always the same kind.

RECEIPT FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS FRUIT-CAKE.

— One pound of butter; one pound of sugar; one pound of flour, browned and sifted; twelve eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; five pounds of seeded raisins; one and one-half pounds of shredded citron peel; one glassful of grape jelly; two teaspoonfuls of melted chocolate; one pound of crystallized cherries; one pound of crystallized, diced pineapple; one pound of blanched almonds, cut fine and browned; one pound of shelled pecans cut fine; one tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon; one scant tablespoonful of grated nutmeg; one-half tablespoonful of allspice; one scant teaspoonful of powdered cloves; one glassful of grape juice; two tablespoonfuls of

rose-water, and one-quarter pound of orange paste. Soak the almonds in the rose-water over night; soak fruit in the grape juice the same length of time. Cream butter and sugar thoroughly, add the well-beaten yolks of eggs, then spices, grape jelly, and chocolate in order named. Next add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, then the flour, reserving a small quantity. Mix the fruit in this and stir very small quantities at a time into the batter; the nuts are added last of all. The time required for baking depends largely upon the size, a five-pound cake taking two and one-half hours, and a twenty-five pound, four hours.

When the cake is finished, I decorate it and set it away until the leaves and flowers dry out a bit so as to be firm. The packing is a pleasant task—one that I never trust to anybody else, every bit of it being done with my own hands. A wrapping of oiled paper is

folded 'round first, then one of tissue, and last an ornamental casing of white crêpe-paper with a deep lace border. Knots and bows of lovely pale green ribbon hold the wrapping in place, while a dainty bunch of the finest artificial orchids in natural tints is slipped under the ribbon bands. The wrapped cake is securely fastened in a white, especially made, box, lace frilled, and this, after being wrapped in white paper and tied with white ribbon, is in turn packed into a big "market" basket, the

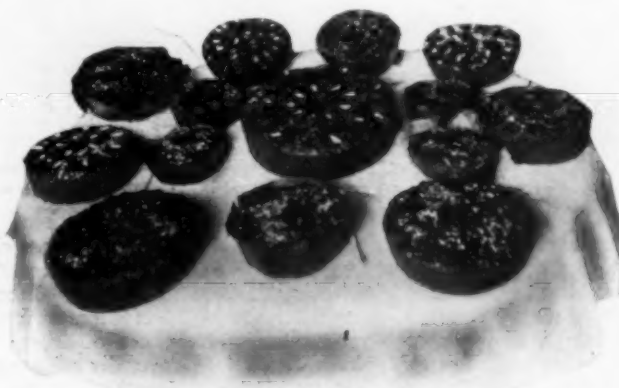
whole wrapped again in heavy brown paper, securely tied and carefully labeled with my own hands. The White House Christmas Cake is then ready for its long journey to Washington and the President's holiday table. It may be imagined how happy and proud I feel when a letter reaches me from the White House which says, "The cake was so beautiful that it was used as a table ornament until the frosting flowers fairly fell from it."

Fruit cakes are delicious and altogether acceptable Christmas presents. The custom of sending them—even tiny ones—to friends and neighbors is delightful and welcome, especially when attractively

[Concluded on page 61]



HOLIDAY GIFTS THAT ARE DIFFERENT



FRUIT CAKES THE SOLUTION OF YOUR CHRISTMAS-GIFT PROBLEM



PLUM PUDDINGS READY FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS WRAPPINGS

THE CHIC IN WINTER MILLINERY

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY—NUMBER XXXVI

By EVELYN TOBEY

WOMEN are fur mad this winter. Fur is on every kind of garment. It is sewed around the tops of shoes, is used to trim chiffon and lace petticoats, the thinnest tulle evening dresses; and, of course, the hats, coats, and suits are all fur-trimmed. Every kind of fur is worn, and in half-inch strips or in eighteen-inch strips. Bits of it are shaped to make buttons for garments or pompons and stick-ups for hats. You may be just as much in the latest fashion if you have a few bits of fur used in just the right way as if you had yards of it. But some fur you must have.

Some of the small hats (Figs. 1 and 6) are made

The same cap (Fig. 6) can also be trimmed with a military cockade placed directly in front and bent out over the front. For the cockade make two apples (see June lesson) of cheesecloth and stuff them soft with cotton.

Cut one from a circle two and three-quarter inches in diameter and the other from a circle two and three-quarter inches in diameter. Through the middle of both of these push a piece of strong frame-wire and bend the wire at the top so that it will not pull away. Cover the round surface of these balls with wool (Germantown) yarn by taking long stitches from the middle of the top to the middle of the



FIG. 1—VERY SMART FOR SPORTS WEAR



FIG. 2—THE MILITARY CHIN-STRAP MUCH IN FAVOR

FIG. 3—A WHITE FLOWER AGAINST DARK FUR



FIG. 4—A WOOL POMPON AS THE ONLY TRIMMING



FIG. 5—THE SAME TURBAN TRANSFORMED BY FUR

entirely of fur. This is good style if the fur is not long but close like Persian lamb, broad-tail, mole, or even mink. For fox, skunk, bear, and other long hair, it would be better to make a tip or crown of velvet or plush. Sailors look very well with a strip of fur around the top of the crown (Fig. 2 has band of mink and Fig. 3 a band of skunk). Even the turbans get their share of fur and are made much richer and softer in effect thereby. In most cases strips of skunk or other fur are simply wound around the top of the crown (Fig. 5).

The Russian caps, which are fashioned entirely of fur, are made of a straight band of buckram four inches wide and twenty-five inches long. The band is wired top and bottom. A bias piece of velvet, about one and one-half inches wide, binds both edges over the wire. The fur is cut the shape of the crinoline. The edges of both are gathered with a single gathering thread and set down inside the top edge of the band and sewed with a blind-stitch. The caps can be trimmed in many ways. A silver strap over the crown that holds the top edge of the band on both sides close to the crown looks very trim (Fig. 1). This silver strap can be made of braid or cord. Any kind of strap, patent leather or silk braid or cord, can be used. Such a hat can be worn by a schoolgirl or by her mother and is a necessity of every wardrobe for motoring and other sports.

bottom. Use bright colors, such as orange, bright rose, hunter's green, or king's blue. From the top of the smaller, or uppermost, ball you can arrange five or six pieces of frame wire, each five inches long. These you cover by winding the wool over them along their entire length; over the ends wind the wool several times for a space of about three-fourths of an inch to make heavier covered tips. The wool for this ornament will cost less than five cents.

These woolly trimmings are made up in all sorts of ways this season and are exceedingly popular. A wool pompon is made like the old-fashioned ball tassel. You can make one any size you like, but for a four-inch pompon (See Fig. 4) it should be made over a cardboard circle four inches in diameter. Cut the cardboard circle, then from the center cut a smaller circle, one inch in diameter. Wind the wool, then, through the inside hole and over the edge of the bigger circle (Fig. 7) until you have six or seven layers of the wool thread covering the cardboard ring. With a zephyr needle, then, run a strong string under the layers of the wool around the inside hole. Tie the ends of this string tight, then cut the wool exactly around the outside rim of the ring. Break the cardboard to remove it, shake the wool threads and trim off any that may be uneven. You may use one or two of these large pompons. The leaves (Fig. 8)

[Concluded on page 33]



FIG. 6—THE RUSSIAN CAP WITH WOOL STICK-UP

LUNCHEON AT CAFE DE PARIS

SABLE WRAPS AND CHIC HEADGEAR ACCOMPANY SIMPLE FROCKS

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

MA CHÈRIE:—

I do not know whether it is due to the cold and the rain, the fact that winter is really setting in, but all Paris is becoming alive again. The streets, cafés, and theaters are filling up, and the cinématographs, or "the movies," as you call them, are once more becoming the popular rendezvous of the hour. At luncheon time at the Café de Paris, it is almost impossible to get a table; all the French celebrities are gathering in force and there are also in evidence any number of smart Americans. Lunching there the other day, I was seated near Mme. Radoline; she is one of our popular beauties, you know. She came in, fairly swathed in sables, and I waited, almost breathless, for her to remove the wonderful wrap, fearing to miss something of the splendor beneath—but her frock proved to be the simplest of blue serge models. Her hat, however, made up for the simplicity of the frock; it was most astonishing—a squatty, little black poke, covered with row after row of ruffled ribbon, trimmed, directly in front, with an inoffensive little bow of black velvet. At another table nearby, a charming American, also dressed in blue serge, was wearing a large sailor of claret-colored velvet trimmed with two huge pearl-headed pins, stuck through the crown in front, gleaming like bull's eyes. Any number of the dresses I noticed carried out the idea of the half-way trimming at the bottom of the skirt; this will probably be popular for some time to come. Velvet, fur cloth, braid, ruffles, fringe, and beadings, are all being used indiscriminately for trimming the skirts.

YOU know, *chérie*, we are all interested in theater people; they are so chic and usually wear their clothes well, even if they are sometimes rather startling and bizarre. Mme. Vera Sergine, who is one of our greatest emotional artists, wore a charming afternoon frock at a recent reception; it was of plum-colored chiffon, with skirt banded around the bottom in velvet of the same tone, the velvet continuing up the back and forming a panel. In the sketches, I am sending a simple model of Beer's in blue



A BEER MODEL OF BLUE VELVET AND A DOUCET FROCK OF OLD GOLD TAFFETA AND CHIFFON

velvet, and a Doucet afternoon frock of old gold taffeta and chiffon. The velvet suit is a Russian blouse model trimmed with bands of skunk, and black, red, and green silk embroidery. The apron tunic of old gold chiffon over self-tone taffeta is a feature of the other model. This is long, back and front, but short over the hips. The wide collar and revers are also of the chiffon.

There is no diminution in the width of the skirts: fur-trimmed, banded, panniered, and puffed, short and still shorter, they wend their dainty, airy, way on toward the next turn in Fashion's wheel.

Toujours votre dévouée,

Christine D.

Paris, France.



6929-6950 Spats

For other views and description of No. 6930 see page 47.

6791

6945

FEATURING NEW SHOULDER LINES

In Street Suit, Top Coat, and Afternoon Gown

For other views and descriptions, see page 33

MAKING THE OLD FROCK NEW

A NUMBER OF INTERESTING SUGGESTIONS

By THE FASHION EDITOR

ONCE upon a time made-over dresses suggested economy in its crudest form; it usually meant sleeves and skirts lengthened by means of bias bands of material, in several brighter degrees of newness, with a line or two of machine stitching to cover the joining; and often these bands were both of contrasting color and fabric, their purpose being only too obvious to all. Nowadays, however, when Dame Fashion herself smiles upon our little economies, even suggesting clever ways to carry them out, we are rather proud to display a made-over frock or blouse.

Perhaps the most promising aid in making an old frock new, is the present fad for combining contrasting colors and fabrics. Serge and satin, broadcloth and velvet, plain and plaid serge, checked and plain taffeta—in fact almost any two materials may be combined effectively in gown, blouse, and suit this winter, provided the color scheme be harmonious.

Another excellent make-over help is the vogue of contrasting sleeves. In the daytime frock of serge or cloth, these may be of black taffeta, or satin; in the more dressy afternoon frock, they may be of chiffon-cloth, silk voile, or crêpe Georgette. Both the Georgette and voile wear unusually well, often, in fact, outwearing the material of the dress itself. These sheer materials are wide, and generally satisfactory for a portion of the body of the bodice, for the sleeves, or an entire waist. If in making the transparent sleeve or blouse, an interlining of net, fine-meshed, and in the same shade as the transparent material, or in white, is used, the garment will wear much better; it gives it a body, saving the strain on the sheer material.

Let us take, for instance, the drop-shoulder, surplice-closing frock, with extremely narrow skirt, of a season or two back, and transform it into an up-to-date afternoon frock. It is fashioned, perhaps, of a plain blue wool crêpe, or a flowered crêpe; we will combine it with blue taffeta a trifle darker than the crêpe.

Taking the skirt first, we will open it down the front and insert a panel of the taffeta, gathering the extra fulness in at the top, over the hips; this panel will provide the width required around the bottom, and the gathers over the hips, now so much a feature of many of the new dresses. The lower edge of the skirt may be hemmed, or faced in the usual way, or finished with a rather heavy cable cord. This latter method is effective and easily done. If the skirt is too short to allow of turning the edge over the cord, the cord may be covered with a bias strip of the contrasting material, or the material of the dress itself, as preferred, and the cord run on to the lower edge of the skirt by hand.

With the blouse, we will simply straighten the fronts, cutting away any extra material, and insert a chic little vest to correspond with the panel in the skirt. The old sleeves will be removed, the shoulders cut off to normal width and a pair of crêpe Georgette sleeves set in. The old peplum will be shortened to a mere frill, and the old collar replaced with a wide flat collar of the crêpe edged with the dark taffeta. A girdle consisting of two bias folds of the taffeta attached to the waist, closing with tiny dull gold buckles, will complete the dress smartly. The sleeves, of course, will be the new full sleeves, bell-shape, or gathered into a tight band cuff of the taffeta, finished with a flare of the crêpe and taffeta. If preferred, the armholes of the dress may be widened a trifle, and corded, and a guimpe worn instead of setting the sleeves into the dress itself.

The idea of the guimpe appeals to many because of the possibilities it offers for rendering the dark dress fresh; especially is it practical for the business dress. Several guimpes, of taffeta, satin, or washable crêpe de Chine, make it possible to wear the one frock the season through if desired.

Another wonderful help toward economy, is the pleasing variety in collars, cuffs, and girdles that one notices everywhere. A dress may be made to look like another design entirely, merely by adding a different collar or girdle. Ribbon is still used considerably for girdles; the wide patterned ribbons are effective.

This season it requires only a little ingenuity and clever fingers to turn the most hopeless looking of garments into something wearable and pretty.



THE FROCK BEFORE AND AFTER



THE SQUARE-TRAINED DINNER GOWN
A Novel Overskirt, and a Simple Evening Coat

For other views and descriptions, see page 33

SERVICEABLE COATS AND SUITS

A Costume Blouse, and Several Designs for Serge

ONE-PIECE dresses of serge, gabardine, broadcloth, and numberless other fabrics, are so universally worn this season that a variety of top coats are in demand. These coats are made of tweeds, and checks, novelty wools and coatings, suited to rough out-of-door wear; velvets, plushes, and furbelows, for afternoon, and evening. They are fur-trimmed and braid trimmed, long, or short, as fancy dictates, but they are a decided necessity in all wardrobes. The three-quarter length suit coat of dark blue, brown, or green is often made to do service with a number of one-piece dresses as well as with its own skirt, very practically.

No. 6791, LADIES' COAT SUIT (15 cents).—A serviceable model is illustrated here, pocketed and belted after the mode of the hour. Tweed, cheviot, or one of the woolen suitings would render it attractive and becoming. The coat may be made in either thirty-two or thirty-five-inch length, according to the choice of the wearer. The skirt, topped with a two-piece yoke, is modish and pretty. Size thirty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, four and seven-eighth yards of fifty-four-inch material, with three and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch lining. Skirt, two and one-half yards wide. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

No. 6929, LADIES' COAT IN TWO LENGTHS (15 cents).—A coat of camel's hair, cut after this distinctive model, is excellently suited to winter wear. The high chin collar is comfortable and practical, as are also the popular roomy pockets. Medium size requires, for longer length, five and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch material, and five and three-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch lining. Pattern in three sizes; small, thirty-two or thirty-four; medium, thirty-six or thirty-eight; large, forty or forty-two bust.

No. 6945, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—A delightfully pretty model is shown here, combined broadcloth and velvet, with an attractive touch of fur. Size thirty-six requires, instep length, two yards of fifty-inch material for sleeves and upper section of skirt, and two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material for lower section of skirt and upper waist. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 6829, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Developed in satin and sheer net this model is effective for evening wear. The small puffed sleeve is youthful and pretty. Smaller view shows other interesting possibilities. The costume blouse in harmonizing tones, worn with the tailored suit, makes a costume appropriate for almost any informal affair. Size thirty-six requires seven-eighths yard of thirty-six-inch material for jumper, and one and one-half yards forty-inch for waist. Pattern in eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.

FROM the somewhat severe lines of the street suit and simple frock of serge, or cloth, of this season, we go to frills and furbelows for afternoon and evening. Clothes have not been so delightfully feminine since the days of powder and patches. There are pannier and puffed hip draperies; overskirts, pleated, gathered, and shirred; pantalettes, and tasseled boots; bell-sleeves, puffed-sleeves, and sleeves gathered top and bottom. High collars and low collars, and collars of various descriptions allow of dressing the throat in the most becoming fashion, while girdles and other smart accessories, offer opportunities for making gown or suit bespeak one's own personality.

No. 6907, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—There are many ways in which this model may be trimmed to suit each individual taste. It is developed in satin with a touch of fur, just enough to render it modish. This design could also be of chiffon and satin, making an exceedingly attractive costume. A delicate blue would blend well with the tiny rose which catches the jumper at the shoulder and rests there carelessly. Size twenty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch length, one and three-fourth yards of forty-five-inch material for lower section, and three yards same width for tunic. Skirt, two and three-fourth yards wide. Pattern in five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.

COSTUME NOS. 6829-6907, medium size, requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, five and seven-eighth yards of forty-inch satin, seven-eighths yard of thirty-six-inch allover for waist, three-eighths yard of forty-five-inch net for sleeves, one and one-half yards of fur, and two and one-fourth yards of ribbon.

No. 6935, LADIES' PANEL OVERDRESS WITH GUIMPE (15 cents).—An interesting contrast in materials may be made with velvet and taffeta, or a silk on that order, a charming example of this is shown on the opposite page; the train may be omitted if not fancied. Size thirty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, three and five-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch silk, three and three-fourth yards of twenty-four-inch velvet, three-fourths yard of eighteen-inch allover, and one and one-half yards of picot edging. Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. Six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 6703, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—For wear with evening gowns and dainty dance frocks comes the necessity for a suitable coat. Broadcloth is a universal favorite; and there are velvets, velours, and satins in many wonderful mixtures. Medium size, as illustrated, requires four and three-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material, and four and three-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch lining. Pattern in three sizes; small, thirty-two or thirty-four; medium, thirty-six or thirty-eight; large, forty or forty-two bust.



6791



6929



6935



6945



6907



6829



6703

A BRAID-BOUND SUIT OF TWEED

An Excellent Model for the Woman Inclined to Stoutness



6769

NO. 6769, LADIES' COAT SUIT (15 cents).—Size forty-two requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, five and seven-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material, with three yards of thirty-six-inch lining. Skirt, three and one-fourth yards wide with inverted pleat. Pattern in eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.

No. 6913, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, five and one-half yards of forty-inch material. Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. In seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

No. 6909, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires one and one-half yards of thirty-inch material, with one and three-eighth yards forty-inch chiffon for sleeves and vest. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 6917, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, three yards of thirty-six-inch plain silk for lower section, and three and three-fourth yards same width striped silk for tunic. Skirt, two and seven-eighth yards wide. Pattern in five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.

COSTUME NOS. 6909-6917 requires, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, four and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch striped silk, three yards same width plain silk, seven-eighths yard of forty-inch chiffon, and five-eighths yard of thirty-six-inch satin for vest collar.

No. 6923, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires one and one-fourth yards of forty-inch velvet and seven-eighths yard of same width silk for sleeves, yoke and collar. Pattern in five sizes; thirty-four to forty-two bust.

No. 6946, LADIES' SKIRT WITH JUMPER (15 cents).—Size twenty-six requires for longer tunic, four yards of forty-four-inch material. Skirt, two and one-half yards wide. Pattern in seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-four waist.

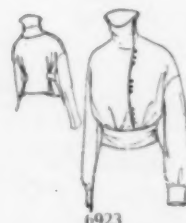
COSTUME NOS. 6923-6946-6933, medium size, requires six yards of forty-inch velvet, seven-eighths yard of thirty-six-inch silk one and five-eighths wide, and one and five-eighths narrow fur.



6769



6913



6923



6946



6909-6917



McCALL PATTERNS

A PANTALETTE FROCK AND NEW POINTED TUNIC

A Full Sleeve and a Drop Shoulder—Other Modish Details

For other views and descriptions, see page 34



THE NEW TRANSFORMATION FROCK
 Of Broadcloth and Velvet, Combined with Velvet Coat, It Is Decidedly Practical
 For other views and descriptions, see page 38



6915-6631

6931-6903-6950 Spats

For other views and description of No. 6950 see page 47

A FUR-TRIMMED REDINGOTE AND CHIC BOLERO EFFECT

Collars High in Back and Open in Front View for Favor with the Choker

For other views and descriptions, see page 38

THE NEW CAPE COLLAR ON A COAT

And a Variety of Attractive Choker Collars

NO. 6943, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—A practical coat is illustrated here designed as part of the new transformation frock; it is made of velveteen. The only trimming is the banding of fur on collar and sleeves. Size thirty-six requires four and five-eighths yards of forty-four-inch material, with four and three-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch lining. In six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

NO. 6937, LADIES' PRINCESS DRESS (15 cents).—To be worn in conjunction with the coat illustrated is this princess frock of satin and velveteen. Its design renders it appropriate for afternoon or dinner wear. Size thirty-six requires, instep length, three and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material for upper part, and one and one-half yards of forty-four-inch for lower section and cuffs. Skirt, two and seven-eighths yards wide. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-four to forty-six bust.

COSTUME NOS. 6943-6937.—In this costume is combined one of the smart separate coats and a trim princess dress. Aside from the combination of materials shown here, there are any number of practical fabric suggestions. Medium size requires, instep length, six yards of forty-four-inch velveteen for coat, lower skirt, collar, cuffs and sash, two and three-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch satin for body and sleeves, and one and three-fourth yards of fur trimming.

NO. 6919, LADIES' BOLERO WAIST (15 cents).—This is another combination of materials quite opposite in texture. Velvet and broadcloth, or broadcloth and satin, are also adaptable for this design. Size thirty-six requires one and five-eighths yards of forty-inch material for bolero, belt and sleeve, and one-half yard of forty-five-inch for lower waist and facing. Pattern in five sizes; thirty-four to forty-two bust.

NO. 6915, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST WITH OR WITHOUT BIB (15 cents).—Brocaded velvet and satin are combined effectively in this design which gives the effect of a bolero. Size thirty-six, of one material, requires one and seven-eighths yards of forty-four-inch goods. In six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

NO. 6631, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT WITH OR WITHOUT JUMPER (15 cents).—This model is easily made and quite suitable for broadcloth. Size twenty-six, with jumper, requires, thirty-eight-inch length, three and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch material. Skirt, two and seven-eighths yards wide. Pattern in five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.

COSTUME NOS. 6915-6631, medium size, requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, three and three-fourth yards of forty-inch material, one yard thirty-six-inch brocade, three-eighths yard of same width contrasting, and one-fourth yard of forty-five-inch organdy.

NO. 6779, LADIES' PRINCESS OR REDINGOTE DRESS (15 cents).—This model is developed in broadcloth and satin. Size thirty-six requires, instep length, three yards of fifty-four-inch broadcloth, one and three-eighths yards twenty-inch satin, three-eighths yard thirty-six-inch silk for collar and cuffs, three-eighths yard eighteen-inch allover two and five-eighths yards wide, and one and seven-eighths yards of narrow fur. Six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust.

NO. 6931, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The fur-trimmed lapels on this design are becoming to most everyone. Serge or whipcord are suitable materials. Size thirty-six requires one and five-eighths yards of forty-five-inch material, five-eighths yard of eighteen-inch lace for vest, and one and one-fourth yards five-inch edging for collar. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.



6943

6937



6631

6903



6779

NO. 6503, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—As illustrated, this model is developed in velvet and broadcloth, but it is quite as attractive in serge and taffeta or faille. Size twenty-six requires, of one material, thirty-eight-inch length, two and three-eighths yards of fifty-inch goods. Pattern in seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

COSTUME NOS. 6919-6503, medium size, requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, three and one-eighth yards of fifty-inch velvet, one and one-eighth yards of forty-inch material, and one-fourth yard of thirty-six-inch contrasting for collar.



6503

NO. 6903, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch length, two and seven-eighths yards forty-four-inch material for tunic, and one and one-fourth yards same width for lower section. Pattern in seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-four waist.

COSTUME NOS. 6931-6903, medium size, requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, one and five-eighths yards forty-four-inch material for lower skirt, girdle and collar, three and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch serge, one and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch lace, seven and one-fourth yards fur.



A NOVEL TREATMENT OF THE JUMPER WAIST

An Odd Use of Fur, and a Striking Combination of Velvet and Satin

For other views and descriptions, see page 40

INTERESTING NEW SKIRTS AND BLOUSES

The Sleeveless Jumper Still a General Favorite

NO. 6947, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires one and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material for waist, and one yard of forty-five-inch material for jumper and cuffs. Pattern in five sizes; thirty-two to forty bust.



6947

No. 6883, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch length, three and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch material. Skirt, two and seven-eighths yards wide. Pattern in six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.



6883

COSTUME 6947-6883, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, four and three-eighths yards of fifty-four-inch broadcloth, three and three-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch silk, and five and seven-eighths yards of fur banding.

No. 6941, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This model is quite suitable for faille or taffeta. Size thirty-six requires two and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material. Pattern in five sizes; thirty-four to forty-two bust.



6941

No. 6927, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch length, two and five-eighths yards of forty-four-inch material. Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. Pattern in eight sizes; twenty-two to thirty-six waist.



6927

No. 6541, LADIES' WAIST OR GUIMPE (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires two yards of thirty-six-inch material for waist with puffed sleeves, one and five-eighths yards of same width with plain sleeves, and one and seven-eighths yards of same width with gathered sleeves. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

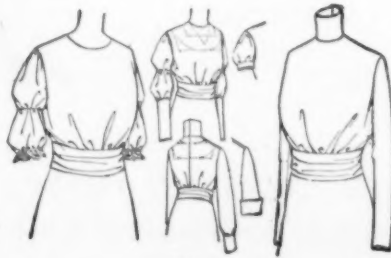


6925

No. 6949, LADIES' EIGHT-GORED SKIRT WITH JUMPER (15 cents).—Size twenty-six requires, thirty-nine-inch length, three and one-fourth yards of forty-inch material for jumper, front, side and back gores, two and three-eighths yards same width for two side gores. Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. Pattern in five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.



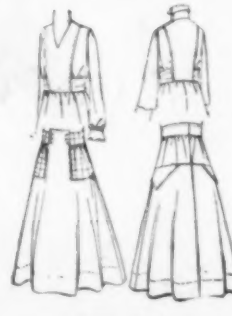
6949



6541



6905-6911



6813-6921

No. 6905, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires one and three-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material for body and sleeves, and five-eighths yard of twenty-seven-inch material for collar, vest and sleeve facing. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-four to forty-four bust.

No. 6911, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch length, four and seven-eighths yards of forty-inch material. Skirt, three yards wide. Pattern in seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-four waist.

COSTUME NOS. 6905-6911, medium size, requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, two and one-half yards of fifty-inch material, three and five-eighths yards of forty-inch satin, two and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material for collar, vest and lining tunic.

No. 6813, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Broadcloth and plaided silk are used in this model. Size thirty-six requires one and one-fourth yards of fifty-inch material. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

No. 6921, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—This model has splendid make-over possibilities. Plaided or striped silk or serge with plain serge would be appropriate and combine nicely. A trimming of fur is one way of varying the appearance, and helps toward smartening up an old garment. Braid may also be used effectively. The design is excellent for wear as a separate skirt. Size twenty-six requires, for thirty-eight-inch length, two and one-half yards of fifty-inch material. Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. Pattern in six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

COSTUME NOS. 6813-6921, medium size, requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, two and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch broadcloth, one and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch plaid silk, three-eighths yard twenty-two-inch silk for collar and cuff facing, one and one-fourth yards of fur.

No. 6925, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—The new yoke collar is a smart feature of this model and may be made of soft satin or voile. Size thirty-six requires, for thirty-eight-inch skirt length, four and one-eighth yards of fifty-inch material, three-fourths yard of twenty-two-inch silk, and three and one-eighth yards of fur.



NOVEL COLLARS AND POCKETS ON WINTER FROCKS

Contrasting Materials Modishly Combined

For other views and descriptions, see page 40



6912

Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

6924

6916

6934



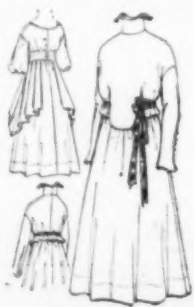
6912

NO. 6912, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents).—Requires, for girl of sixteen, three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material, and one-fourth yard thirty-six-inch for collar and cuff facing. Skirt, two and seven-eighths yards wide. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.



6924

No. 6924, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents), Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents).—Requires, for girl of sixteen, three and three-eighths yards forty-four-inch material for tunic length, and two yards of forty-inch for sash, collar and lower section. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.



6916



6934

DAY AND EVENING

Of Serge, Taffeta,
Fur-Trimmed

No. 6916, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents).—A simple, dainty dance frock, nicely suited to taffeta and flouncing, chiffon-cloth and satin, and similar combinations. As illustrated, requires, for girl of sixteen, four yards forty-inch satin, three and seven-eighths yards of twenty-three-inch flouncing, with one-half yard forty-inch material for sleeve puffs. Skirt, three and one-fourth yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 6934, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents).—Velveteen and silk voile are prettily combined in this model. It is a design that also would make up well in serge, with satin or taffeta sleeves. Instead of the fur, a braiding design could be applied effectively. Requires, for a girl of sixteen, four and one-half yards of forty-four-inch velveteen, one-half yard of forty-inch chiffon for sleeves, and three and one-eighth yards of fur. Skirt, three and one-eighth yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.



FROCKS FOR MISSES

Satin and Net,
and Dainty

No. 6932, MISSES' PRINCESS DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents).—Serge and plaid taffeta render this model attractive. Requires, for girl of sixteen, one and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch plaid silk, three yards of fifty-inch material, and three-eighths yard of twenty-inch silk for collar piece. Skirt, two and three-fourth yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 6948, MISSES' DRESS WITH GUIMPE; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN (15 cents).—This model would make up effectively in net, over satin, or taffeta. The design may be developed into an afternoon frock if desired, as shown in small sketch. Dark taffeta and chiffon would be effective. Requires, for girl of sixteen, three and three-eighths yards of forty-five-inch net, one and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material for waist, and two and five-eighths yards lace edging for sleeve ruffles. Skirt, three yards wide. Pattern in four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 6928, MISSES' JUMPER DRESS WITH PANTALETES AND GUIMPE (15 cents).—For girl of sixteen, four yards thirty-six-inch material for tunic and waist, two and five-eighths yards same width for pantalettes and sleeves, three-eighths yard twenty-two-inch plain silk and three and three-eighths yards of fur. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 6938, MISSES' PANEL OVERDRESS WITH PRINCESS FOUNDATION (15 cents).—Size sixteen, four yards forty-five-inch brocade, three yards twenty-two-inch plain material, and three-fourths yard of eighteen-inch allover for sleeves. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.



6932



6948



6938



6928



6914

6872

6846—6810 Leggings
(For other views and description of
No. 6810, see page 47)

6918

FROCKS FOR EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY

With a Warm Top Coat and Cap for the Small Boy

NO. 6914, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Requires, for girl of ten, one and five-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material for sleeves and lower section, and two and one-eighth yards of same width for overdress, cuffs and belt. Pattern in five sizes; six to fourteen years.

No. 6872, CHILD'S YOKE DRESS (15 cents).—Requires, for child of four, one and three-fourth yards of forty-four-inch material. Pattern in five sizes; two to ten years.

No. 6846, BOY'S OVERCOAT AND CAP (15 cents); **LEG-GINGS No. 6810** (10 cents).—Full description given on pattern envelope. Pattern in four sizes; one to six years.

No. 6918, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Requires, for child of ten, two yards of forty-four-inch material for skirt, collar, cuffs and sash, and one and three-eighth yards of same width for body and sleeves. Pattern in five sizes; four to twelve years.



6914



6872



6846



6918

INTERESTING DETAILS FOR WINTER

Including Fancy Dress Costumes and a Doll Set



6930

No. 6930, DOLL'S SET; COAT, HAT, DRESS, PETTICOAT CHEMISE AND DRAWERS (10 cents).—Practical suggestions for the small seamstress. A twenty-six-inch doll requires three and five-eighths yards of nine-inch flouncing for dress, one-fourth yard thirty-six-inch material for waist, and one-fourth yard eighteen-inch allover for yoke. Petticoat chemise and drawers require five-eighths yard thirty-six-inch, and five-eighths yard fifty-four-inch material for coat and hat. Pattern in five sizes; fourteen to thirty inches long.

No. 6810, CHILD'S LEGGINGS IN TWO LENGTHS, AND LEGGING DRAWERS (10 cents).—Full directions and material required are given on pattern envelope. Pattern in seven sizes; 11¼ to 15½ inches calf measure, corresponding with one to twelve years.

No. 6950, LADIES' AND MISSES' SPATS, GAITERS OR LEGGINGS (10 cents).—Spats will be much worn this season. In four lengths, six, eight, ten and sixteen button or knee length. Measurements on envelope. Pattern in six sizes; one corresponding to number two shoe, two to three, three to four, four to five, five to six, and six to seven.

No. 6944, MEN'S AND BOY'S FANCY COSTUMES (15 cents).—This set consists of Santa Claus, Father Knickerbocker, Colonial or George Washington, and Napoleon. These suits are out of the ordinary and quite within the power of the woman who does her own sewing. Full measurements and directions are given on pattern envelope. Pattern in seven sizes; eight, twelve and sixteen years; and thirty-six, thirty-eight, forty and forty-four breast.



6944



6920



6920

6933

No. 6933, LADIES' AND MISSES' PANTALLETTE COMBINATION, OR PANTALETTES (15 cents).—As a result of out-of-door exercise the trousers, or, in other words, the "pantalette" skirt, has become a much favored garment. Size thirty-six requires two and seven-eighths yards of forty-inch material, one yard of beading, five yards of insertion, two and three-fourths yards of wide lace, and two and one-half yards of narrow for pantalette combination; two and three-eighths yards of forty-inch material for pantallettes. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

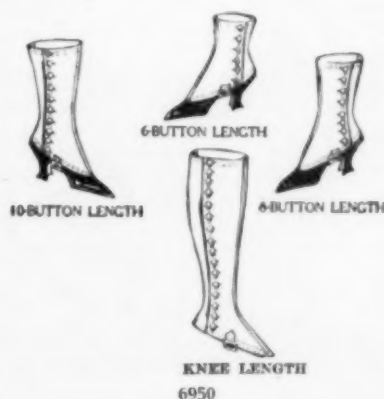
No. 6920, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE APRON (10 cents).—A handy apron for the house or the studio is illustrated here. It is designed to cover the entire frock; in this way giving protection and saving it from needless "wear and tear." Directions and measurements given on envelope. Pattern in three sizes; small, thirty-two or thirty-four; medium, thirty-six or thirty-eight; large, forty, forty-two or forty-four bust.



6940



6810



6950

No. 6940, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESSING OR COMBING SACCUE (10 cents).—Directions and measurements given on envelope. Pattern in three sizes; small, thirty-two or thirty-four; medium, thirty-six or thirty-eight; large, forty or forty-two bust.

No. 6930, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPES AND COLLARETTES (15 cents).—These capes and collarettes make effective additions to coats and evening wraps. They may be of the same material as the coat or of a suitable contrasting fabric. Velvet, plush, or a fur cloth are all good suggestions. Full directions and material required given on envelope. Pattern in two sizes; ladies' and misses'.



6939

A SHEPHERD OF THE LORD

A STORY OF A SINNER—OR TWO—AND A SAINT

[Concluded from page 13]

"Oh, Dolliver!" snorted Mr. Starbuck. "What does he know about it?"

"I guess you might as well take the church lot, too," Sally added with a sigh, "and build two moving-picture theatres."

"I wish he wouldn't always call in the morning," she said to herself as her visitor took his leave. "Does he think I have nothing to do?"

Apparently the morning suited Mr. Starbuck, for the next time he came Sally, in dust-cap and pinafore, was on her knees before the parlor sofa, vigorously brushing the cushions and singing softly at the same time.

"That's a jolly little song you're singing," said Mr. Starbuck. "Never heard it before."

Sally sprang up and whirled around, facing him. "You do come in like a thief," she expostulated. "How you startled me!"

"Sorry," said Mr. Starbuck imperturbably. "I came to inquire for your brother, and to ask if I might see him a minute. He's well enough now to see people, isn't he?"

"Ye-es," Sally hesitated. "Why, yes, of course," she corrected herself. "Will you come up to the study? He's lying on the sofa there." She led the way up-stairs. "Mr. Starbuck wishes to see you, Mark," she said.

She left the two men alone with secret misgivings. "Mark won't understand him," she told herself, "and he won't understand Mark. Oh, dear!"

SHE was washing her hands when she heard her brother call, "Sally! Sally! Come here!"

With a sudden pang of fright, she ran back to the study. Mark was sitting up, flushed and shaking. His visitor stood opposite him, bigger and more overpowering than ever in the little room. "Now, Mr. Pierie," he was saying, "don't you bother Miss Pierie about this just yet. She won't like it."

"What won't I like?" cried Sally, an indignant hand flung out as if to protect her brother from an enemy.

"He offers to rebuild the church," cried Mark, "and a Parish House as well. He has come to talk about an architect and plans. Oh, Sally!"

Sally's face blanched but her eyes blazed. Why didn't she like it? Mr. Starbuck watched her keenly.

"No," said Sally with an effort. "No."

"Sally!" cried Mark in consternation.

But Sally ignored him. "No," she said to Starbuck. "You can't do this. You mustn't. You don't like churches. Why should you give us a church? It's—it's like the ton of coal."

"This question," said Mr. Starbuck calmly, "is between Mr. Pierie and me. You pick out your architect, Mr. Pierie," he continued, turning to Mark. "Get a good one. And I'll have a man o' my own to sit on the estimates. You think it over and let me know when you are ready."

He held out his hand. Mark grasped it in both his hot and shaking ones. "God bless you! God bless you!" he faltered, with tears in his eyes. He insisted on seeing his visitor out of the front door. He came back to Sally in the parlor, transfigured with happiness. "He's a good man. A good man. I misjudged him. How could you speak so to him?" He paced the room with nervous hurried steps. "The church will be built again! Thank the Lord!"

And then Sally, out of the bitterness of her heart, and with the need to bring him down to sanity and earth, made her unforgivable speech. "You might call it 'The Church of the Penitent Thief,' Mark," she said.

The curtains at the parlor door parted and Cyrus Starbuck stood there. "You forgot to shut the front door," he explained. "You oughtn't to do too much, Mr. Pierie. You'll be as fit as a fiddle in no time. But you shouldn't overtire yourself. Just go up and lie down in your study for a while." He ushered the bewildered Mark to the front of the stairs and waited till he had mounted them. Then he turned back into the parlor and faced Sally. "I have a crow to pick with you, young lady," said he grimly.

She backed away from him. Shame for her unlucky speech filled her, and hot anger against him for noticing it. "No gentleman would," she told herself furiously.

HE followed her. "I've got you in a corner all right," he told her menacingly. "There's no man living who dare say of me what you just said, and no woman either. You shall go on your knees and apologize."

She stamped her foot furiously. "How dare you!"

"Oh, I dare all right!" he said. "Now look here. You blame me for my money, but I can't help my money. Can I help it if I have a head on my shoulders and eyes in my head? If I took chances that other men were afraid to take? If I saw opportunities where they didn't, and got results when they couldn't? If I worked eighteen hours a day instead of eight? Take your brother's precious accounting-warden, old Dolliver. How did he get his money? Unloaded a lot of stock on his friends and then stood from under. Poses as a pillar of the church and a patron of the arts! I wouldn't ride in the same motor with him! He knows what I think of him. If I ever get a chance, I'll smash him!"

She looked up at him quivering, but intent.

"Take your brother," he went on. "He's head and shoulders above me in morality and spirituality, I grant you that. But I'm head and shoulders above him in practical ability. Let's call things by their right names. He's a saint if you like, but he needs a sinner or two to pull him out of a hole. I can't help my money. Put me in a plant at the bottom to-morrow, if you like, and I won't stay at the bottom. In ten years I'll own it. I can't help it. I'm made that way. Don't blame me." He paused for breath. Her eyes still searched his face.

He advanced a step, raising a threatening finger. "Take you yourself. For all your pride, and your wit, and your culture, I see through you, and behind you, and around you! You know I do. But there's one thing I won't stand. I won't stand being called a thief. I'm an honest man. My name's worth as much as my capital. Any man on the street could tell you that. It's just your ignorance—but I won't excuse it. I won't take it even from you!" He choked. "Just because it's you! Down on your knees!" he cried furiously. "Down on your knees!"

Her eyes met his like two daggers. Then the truth in her rose to meet the truth in him. She raised her clasped hands. Slowly she sank on her knees.

In an instant she was swept up from the ground in a pair of strong arms that clutched her fiercely. Her hands grasped the lapels of his coat. She buried her face, sobbing in his shirt-front.

"Oh, Cyrus! punish me! Beat me! Please beat me."

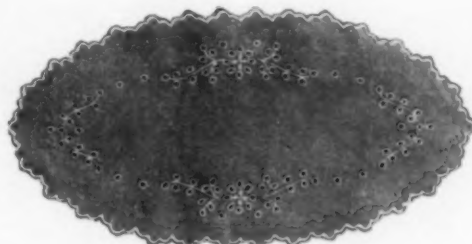
He laughed his great-hearted laugh. "I guess I won't beat you this time!" he declared joyously. "But I'll punish you all right. I said I'd make you eat your words! You shall be Mrs. Cyrus Starbuck. That's poetic justice. You'll have Cyrus Starbuck on your shoulders for the rest of your natural life. That'll be punishment enough."

WITH AN EMBROIDERY NEEDLE

NOVEL GIFTS TO SUIT EVERY TASTE AND AGE

By HELEN THOMAS

717—Design for Bread-Tray Cover, 11¾ inches long, 6 inches wide. Develop on white linen, with white embroidery cotton or silk. Stems to be in outline-, flowers and dots in eyelet-, and leaves in satin- or eyelet-stitch. Scallops to be buttonholed. Easy to embroider, and extremely effective.



717—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

715—Design for Oval Centerpiece, 31 by 21 inches. A remarkably effective design for satin-, buttonhole-, outline-stitch, and French knots. Lovely if developed on white linen, with white or colored embroidery cotton or silk. Full directions for working in colors accompany the pattern.



715—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

718—Design for Child's Bedroom Slippers. For 4 to 8 years, or sizes 8 to 10 shoes. Heel support may be omitted. Make of any white, gray, or yellow cloth, and embroider in colors, in outline- and satin-stitch, with cotton or silk. Full directions with pattern. These little pussy-cat slippers will delight the children, and are simple to make.



718—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

719—Design for Crib Doll, 17 inches high. Baby will love this rag doll that she can take to bed with her. It is soft and flat, like a pillow, so she can roll on it without feeling any lumps. Back and front of doll may be stamped on unbleached muslin, or any other material the scrap-bag offers, embroidered in outline- and satin-stitch,



719—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

sewed together, and stuffed with cotton. Easy to make. If desired, may be stuffed with a little pillow that can be removed for washing. Full directions for making and embroidering in colors accompany pattern. An ideal Christmas present for baby.

716—Design for Pillow-Top, 18 by 13 inches. Develop on white or natural-colored linen, with embroidery silk or cotton. Stems to be outlined, leaves in outline- or satin-stitch—in dark green. Birds' bodies outlined in lighter green; heads, tails, and feet in yellow. Eyes, black French knots. Corner design in satin-stitch, in delft-blue and green. Full directions for working in colors with pattern.



716—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS



720—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

720—Design for Knitting-Bag, 9½ inches wide at top, by 6 inches deep. Pattern provides for both sides of bag. To wear over arm, bringing cotton out through hole. Develop on white linen, in lazy-daisy-, satin-, outline-, and buttonhole-stitch, with embroidery cotton or silk. Pattern includes full color directions.

Editor's Note.—Any McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Pattern, at McCall pattern agencies, or postpaid from the McCall Company, 10 cents. Stamped material not supplied. Book of Embroidery giving lessons in stitches, price in U. S., with 1 transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

MISS THEODOSIA'S HEARTSTRINGS

A SERIAL STORY

[Continued from page 10]

sob a little laugh can be! Oh, starlit night of adventuring! What next? Miss Theodosia's mantle of gentle melancholy slid from her shoulders; she no longer felt apprehensions of growing old. Continually she saw Evangeline's rosy face on that flat pillow, and the little mound of Elly Precious. She remembered how tiny the house had looked from the inside, and how many little littering clothes she had seen. The appealing quality of empty little clothes! In Miss Theodosia's inside room of her soul, something stirred behind the locked door.

The irons had cooled too much, and the fire was low. Miss Theodosia went to work again. As she worked, she talked to herself in the way of lonely women.

"Adventures thicken! Stars, and angels in caps, and children that walk in their little sleeps! And little heaps in clothes-baskets, that are babies! And—Theodosia Baxter—a Man! Out of a clear inky sky! Why weren't you scared? How do you know—you never even saw his face—maybe he was a thief, and a marauder, and a thug!"

Granted, if thieves and marauders and those awful things, thugs, carry little loads of sleep as tenderly as women—and never wake them up; if they are polite and say good-night. What kind of marauding and—and thugging is that?

"What will Stefana think when she finds my apron in bed with her!" suddenly laughed Miss Theodosia, breaking the spell. "Funny Stefana! she goes to my heart, she and her starch—when they're asleep!"

But, awake, Stefana's starch went to Miss Theodosia's back and aching bones. It was three o'clock when she was ready to go to bed. Over chairs and the couch in her sitting-room, lay the three redeemed white dresses, soft again and very smooth and smooth. Miss Theodosia stood and admired. She was full of pride and weariness. At last, at forty-two, she had done real work; she loved the feel of it in her tired bones. She loved her night of adventuring. Life—she loved that. So she went to bed at three, when the birds were beginning to get up. If her throat—calm and middle-aged throat—had not persistently tightened, she would have gone to sleep laughing at the remembrance of it all. All the funny night. Why wasn't it funny? Why couldn't she laugh? She sat up in bed.

ON the morning after her adventurous night, as Miss Theodosia lingered luxuriously over her late breakfast, came bursting in Evangeline Flagg. A gray-checked something waved from her hand like a flag of truce. Evangeline always burst into things—houses, and doors, and excited little speech.

"Here it is!—that is, if it's yours. Stefana says to ask. 'Tain't ours. Mercy gracious, no! We don't take our aporns to bed. Stefana never heard of such a thing. Neither o' us, never. In bed—right straight in bed! An' Stefana hugging it up like everything! She says to ask you if it's yours because it ain't ours, nor anybody else's, an' it's got to be somebody's aporn and once I thought I saw a gray'n white one hanging through your window—I mean on a nail, but, mercy gracious, what was it doing in bed with me an' Stefana!"

Even Evangeline's breath had limitations. She stopped as headlong as she had begun. She unwound the large, voluminous-skirted apron from her grasp and extended it.

"Here 'tis, if it's yours," she gasped spently. She was gazing at it with a species of awe; it was an "aporn" of mystery, not a human apron. "An' if 't isn't, take it—Stefana said not to dare to bring it back. We—we're sort

of afraid of it, honest. Though, of course, Stefana says it must 've blew in the window"—the tide of speech was coming in once more—"an'—an' sort of landed on the bed, an' Stefana kind of grabbed it in her sleep, thinking it was Elly Precious. But, my goodness gracious!"

"Sit down," Miss Theodosia said, smiling. "Doesn't it tire you to talk as fast as that?"

"Some," admitted Evangeline, "but I don't mind. What I mind is ghosts—aperns an' the kind with—with legs." She dropped her voice. "I saw one las' night."

"Mercy gracious!" Miss Theodosia breathed.

Evangeline nodded solemnly. "Out the window. I woke up feelin' one, an' I saw it goin' across the grass. White. Slinky."

"Oh, not—slinky!" protested Miss Theodosia, suddenly championing the ghost-with-legs.

SLINKY," firmly. "I guess I'd a-screached right out if I hadn't remembered the baby. Elly Precious is terrible hard to put to sleep second time. You aren't much acquainted with babies, are you?"

Again—so soon! Miss Theodosia's humility returned.

"We're acquainted, over to our house! Mother says babies are great edge—edge—"

"Educators?"

"That's it! Mercy gracious, then I should think Mother'd be graduated!"

After Evangeline's departure, Miss Theodosia set down her coffee-cup and gave herself up to laughter. The room rang with the pleasant sound of it.

"Will you l-listen to yourself, Theodosia Baxter!" she cried at length, out of breath. "You actually sound happy!"

In the afternoon, a bevy of Miss Theodosia's old friends called on her as she sat on her front porch. They had intended, they said, to wait till the proper time, according to etiquette, for calls upon returned travelers.

"But we wanted to see you so much—after all this time," one of them said. "We decided we couldn't wait to be proper. Besides, it would be such a risk. While we waited, you'd run off again. It was really our only way. Ladies, will you see how lovely and white she looks! Perfectly spotless!" The speaker sighed. Her own dress was dark and spot-colored. "I don't see how you do it! I tell Andrew I'd rather dress in white than in velvet—I love it! But, there, I couldn't get a minute to wear the dresses; it would take all my days to do 'em up. Of course, with you it's different—I don't suppose you ever toiled over an ironing-board a day in your life."

Miss Theodosia gravely shook her head. "No," she said, curious little twinkling lines deepening round her eyes, "I never did—a day—in my life."

"That's what I thought! That's what I told Andrew—'Theodosia Baxter don't know what work is,' I told him. It's easy enough for some women to wear lovely white things. Simplest thing in the world!"

Miss Theodosia's cryptic little smile lingered on her lips, and in the clear windows of her eyes, as she gazed past the voluble wife of Andrew, through her vines, at the little House of Children next door. She imagined she heard Stefana singing, high up and sweet, over her work. Wait!—that was not a singing sound!

A single shriek shot above the clear humming noise that might be Stefana. Then another—a third!

"Someone is hurt!" cried Miss Theodosia—and she kilted her smooth white skirts and ran.

[Continued in the February McCall's]

NOVEL NEEDLEWORK

SOME OF THE PRETTIEST OF THE NEW DESIGNS

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

10524—Stenciled Scarf in Butterfly Design. (See Embroidery Lesson, page 78.) Butterflies tinted pink, blue, and yellow. To be embroidered in white, in satin-, outline-, and feather-stitch. Scallops to be buttonholed. On imported linen, 18 by 36 inches, 40 cents; 12 skeins cotton floss, 25 cents extra. All free for three 50-cent subscriptions. On imported linen, 18 by 45 inches, 50 cents; 15 skeins cotton floss, 30 cents extra—all free for four 50-cent subscriptions. On imported linen, 18 by 72 inches, 65 cents; 20 skeins cotton floss, 40 cents extra. Embroidery silk, per dozen skeins, 50 cents extra. Suitable for bedroom of young girl.



10524—SCARF IN BUTTERFLY DESIGN

10528—Pretty Fudge Apron. Reaches to belt in back. Flowers to be bright red, in cross-stitch, with green French-knot center; leaves and stems to be green, in cross-stitch; scallops to be buttonholed in white. On white crash, with embroidery cotton, 35 cents; with embroidery silk, 60 cents. The belt fastens in front with hook and eye. A covered button is sewed on for ornament.



10528—PRETTY FUDGE APRON

10525—Baby Day-Pillow Case. Letters to be pale blue, in French knots; leaves green, in lazy-daisy-stitch; stems green, in outline-stitch; some flowers salmon pink, some pale blue, in French knots. Buttonhole scallops in white. On linen-finished lawn, with embroidery cotton, 30 cents; with silk, 65 cents. On fine linen, with embroidery cotton, 50 cents—free for two 50-cent subscriptions. With silk, 85 cents. Use in carriage or crib.



10525—BABY DAY-PILLOW CASE

10527—Baby Shoulder Jacket. This practical garment is decorated with a pretty arrangement of flowers and dots. Develop in all white—flowers in appenzel-stitch and



10527—BABY SHOULDER JACKET

French knots, dots in solid-stitch; scallops in buttonhole-stitch. Use pale-blue or pink baby ribbons to tie jacket at neck and under arms. On white mercerized poplin, with embroidery cotton, 50 cents—free for two 50-cent subscriptions. With embroidery silk, 80 cents. On cream-white flannel or cashmere, with embroidery

cotton, 65 cents; free for three 50-cent subscriptions. With embroidery silk, 95 cents. A very useful addition to baby's wardrobe.



10526—EFFECTIVE CENTERPIECE

10526—Effective Centerpiece. To be developed in all white—leaves and flower-petals in solid-stitch; flower centers in eyelets; stems in solid- and outline-stitch, scallops in buttonhole-stitch. On imported linen, 18 by 18, with embroidery cotton, 35 cents. On imported linen, 22 by 22, with embroidery cotton, 55 cents—free for two 50-cent subscriptions. On imported linen, 36 by 36, with embroidery cotton, 85 cents. Very handsome when completed.

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any article on page, including stamping directions and preparation, 10 cents, from The McCall Co. Stamped material furnished. Not carried by Agencies. Miss Sterling will gladly answer embroidery questions if a stamped envelope is enclosed with inquiry. Fancy Work Book, with lessons on stitches, for 2-cent stamp. Postage prepaid on all articles.

THE DAILY ANNALS OF ANNEMARIA

AND SOME ADVANTAGES OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH

[Continued from page 24]

"Uncle Bob says that if I go outdoors my mumps will strike in. But that is not so. They could not be on the inside of my face instead of the outside, because there is not that much room there."

Upon another occasion she set forth a bit of philosophy: "You do not know what a bad-tempered family you have got until you are forced to have mumps in the same house."

Then came the glorious Monday when Annemaria, in a starched pink dress, danced importantly back to school. She wished very much that her face had remained swollen, but was comfortably conscious of a halo of romance.

AS she stepped inside the schoolyard, she saw what appeared to be all the boys and girls of her room apparently awaiting her. She had not seen them for more than two weeks, and they looked delightfully full of possibilities to her eyes, tired of older folks. Annemaria hurried.

As she drew near, the whole group broke into a low yell that she at first took for greeting, but immediately saw was derision.

"Yi-yi-yi!" they buzzed joyfully, while Annemaria eyed them in astonishment, not even remembering to grin. It was left for Lester Hughes to lift the curtain.

"Hi yi!" he jeered, dancing grotesquely up and down. "Goin' to marry me, are you? Well, you just ain't."

"I—" began Annemaria.

"I guess you'll have to be a missionary, even if you are skinny," brightly suggested Kathleen Parker.

"So you think my face looks like a sponge?" dimpled pretty little Erminie. "I guess you'd like to have a few sponges like that!" she added, with naive conceit.

"The Blackboard Queen!" hissed someone else. Annemaria turned pale, and attempted no retort.

The bell rang, and in a daze Annemaria went up the stairs, miserably out of step, and into the familiar room.

"Good morning, Annemaria!" called Miss Gunning, brightly. "You aren't sitting there any more, dear. We have a new little boy from Chicago. I gave him your seat because all the others were too small for him, and that is much too large for you. I was sure you wouldn't want him to be uncomfortable. You will find your books in the last seat in the next aisle, dear. I hope you will be happy there. And good," she added, with more enthusiasm.

HAPPY! Annemaria knew before she bent to feel blindly in her desk that she would never be happy again. The pudgy composition-book was gone. She saw how it had all happened, now. The new little boy from Chicago—oh, wouldn't she want him to be uncomfortable, though? Wouldn't she!

Everybody had seen it, everybody had seen it, they knew, they all knew! Perhaps even Miss Gunning—

For the first time in her life Annemaria really studied the hated spelling lesson, not daring to lift her eyes from the book. The subdued giggles of the room swelled into the shrieking of demons to her suddenly sensitive ear. Utter shame enfolded her. Never before had Annemaria's most intimate friends been allowed to know that she had a heart. And now—*The Daily Annals* had told them—had even called it an aching heart! She didn't know what she was going to do with the rest of her ruined life.

Annemaria arose, emboldened by the sudden maddened necessity to escape from a room that was nothing more than one big, mocking eye. Head up, she sauntered to the door, looking neither to the right nor to left. A last spurt of strength before her surrender came to her, and she turned to grin at the room, as was her wont.

In the cloak-room, she buried her hot little face in a rather grimy gray cloak. She did not sob, for that was not her way. But she gripped her thin little hands together, and prayed more desperately than she had ever done in all her life.

"O God, I want to die! Please let me die!"

Then came a sudden realization that dying would not solve the problem. Even then she would remain worsted, in the eyes of her room would be forever convicted of sentiment! Annemaria added a postscript to her prayer, to thwart any undue haste of Providence in answering it:

"But not till I have got even with the kids, dear Lord!"

IRRELEVANTLY into Annemaria's mind flashed the vision of a book, an offensively green volume with stiff backs and crisp pages, lately cut by her own hands. What had its name been—that word she didn't remember? Oh, yes; "Certain Sukic Researches." But what difference did it or anything else make? And why had it come into her mind? Annemaria pondered the thing a minute, and slowly a wide grin cracked her hot little face.

"It's worth trying," thought the little girl. Then she went back into the room having been gone just three minutes and thirteen seconds.

It was not until the close of the morning session that Annemaria had an opportunity to begin her fight for her old reputation of unsentimental dare-deviltry.

"Say, what does an aching heart feel like?" twitted Jimmy Farrell on the way down-stairs.

"An aching heart?" his cousin smiled blankly. "You think you got on aching heart, Jimmy?"

"Got any sponges around?" dimpled Erminie.

"Didn't you have your bath on Saturday?" Annemaria still smiled, and her caustic rejoinder had the old-time ring.

"You think you will be a skinny missionary?" persisted Kathleen Parker.

"Are you kids all crazy?" demanded Annemaria.

"G'wan!" sniffed Lester Hughes. "It's what you wrote in the book."

"The book?" stared Annemaria.

"Yi!" mocked Lester. "She'll be tellin' us next that she never said she was goin' to marry me!"

"Marry you!" Annemaria derided. "Watch me!"

Lester was not pleased. "You do, too, want to!" he insisted irascibly. "You said so in the book."

"What book?"

"What book!" The group shrieked it, in a voice implying that more than one had never been written.

"*The-Daily-Annals-of-Annemaria-Shelton-Dame*," said Jimmy Farrell, pronouncing it like one word. "I guess you know well enough."

"About my dimples," contributed Erminie helpfully.

"You'll have to show me," declared Annemaria calmly. The circle buzzed with unbelief.

"Hey, Chicago!" Jimmy Farrell hailed the new little boy, who was hastening across the schoolyard. "You got that book in your pocket?"

The new little boy drew the well-known notebook from some inner loose lining, and dangled it beamingly. Fate had dealt kindly with the little boy from Chicago, dropping him immediately into a position of prominence as keeper of the annals. Over his shoulder, Annemaria stared at the well-known scribbling in an impersonal manner.

"It does look like my writing!" she exclaimed, and her tone was one of intense surprise. A wave of obvious uncertainty swept over the group.

[Concluded on page 54]

FOUR DESIGNS IN FILET CROCHET

A SIMPLE WAY OF BEAUTIFYING HOUSEHOLD LINEN

By GREYE and MARIA LA SPINA

IF you have admired the popular filet squares and found them too expensive for the lavish use you would like to make of them, the filet crochet will solve your problem. It is just as effective and no more expensive than a little of your time and the necessary thread will make it. Even the intricate designs of animals, flowers, and emblems, which are a part of the filet crochet as they are of the lace filet, grow from under the crochet hook with no greater difficulty than do the straight rows. And they are in great vogue now on account of their effectiveness and their adaptability. An every-day dresser-scarf leaps into instant beauty with the addition of two or four filet squares; the table centerpiece will show the same transformation; a handsome sofa pillow can be made by adding a center of four squares; a dainty waist, for which an effect of richness is desired, needs only one or more filet squares; and an especially pretty use for them is in the yoke of children's dresses. The list could be extended ad infinitum—c u r t a i n s , guest towels, lunch napkins, pin-cushions, tray cloths, doilies. But before you begin on your filet squares, let me warn you that, having begun, you will never stop. You will find new uses for them at every turn. Making filet squares is a habit that grows.

Terms used in Directions.—Stitch (st), Chain (ch), Double Crochet (d), Square (sq), Block (bl).

DIRECTIONS FOR FILET SQUARE WITH RUNNING RABBIT DESIGN.—With a No. 40 linen thread and a No. 10 crochet needle this will make a four-inch square. 1st row: Ch 8; 1 d in 1st st of 8-ch; turn. *Ch 5, 1 d in 6th st of 8-ch; turn. Continue from * until you have made, in all, thirty open squares. Turn. (This first row takes the place of 1st and 2nd rows as usually made in filet crochet, and which ordinarily consists of a chain of the required length, with a row upon it of 2 ch and 1 d alternately. This is much quicker to make and easier to handle.) 2nd row: Ch 5; 1 d over next-to-last d of 1st row; ch 2, 1 d over next d of preceding row. Continue with 2 ch and 1 d over each d of 1st row, until this row is completed. 3rd row: Precisely like 2nd row. 4th row: Make two open squares as in 2nd and 3rd rows. Instead of chaining 2, make 2 d into next open square of 3rd row; 1 d over next d of preceding row. In future, all solid squares composed of 3 d (2 into the open block below, and 1 into the next d of previous row) will be referred to as "blocks." All open squares will be composed of 2 ch and 1 d into nearest d of preceding row. Continue with the 4th row as follows: 2 open sq; 1 bl; continue with open sq to end of row; turn. 5th row: Make 22 open sq; 3 bl; 1 open sq; 2 bl; 2 open sq;

turn. 6th row: Make 3 open sq; 8 bl; continue to end of row with open sq; turn. 7th row: 19 open sq; 1 bl; 1 open sq; 4 bl; 5 open sq; turn. 8th row: 7 open sq; 4 bl; continue to end of row with open sq; turn. 9th row: 17 open sq; 7 bl; 6 open sq to complete row; turn. 10th row: 2 open sq; 2 bl; 2 open sq; 5 bl; 1 open sq; 3 bl; 3 open sq; 10 bl; 2 open sq to complete row, turn. 11th row: 7 open sq; 6 bl; 1 open sq; 3 bl; 2 open sq; 5 bl; 1 open sq; 3 bl; 2 open sq to complete row, turn. 12th row: 3 open sq; 2 bl; 1 open sq; 18 bl; 6 open sq, turn. 13th row: 2 open sq; 5 bl; 3 open sq; 3 bl; 1 open sq; 12 bl; 3 open sq to complete row, turn. 14th row: 6 open sq; 15 bl; continue with open sq to end of row, turn. 15th row: 9 open sq; 13 bl; continue with open sq to end of row, turn. 16th row: 9 open sq; 14 bl; 7 open sq to complete row, turn. 17th row: 3 open sq; 16 bl; 11 open sq, turn. 18th row: 20 open sq; 8 bl; 2 open sq, turn. 19th row: 2 open sq; 3 bl; 1 open sq; 3 bl; continue with open sq to end of row, turn. 20th row: 20 open sq; 6 bl; 4 open sq, turn. 21st row: 6 open sq; 2 bl; 1 open sq; 2 bl; continue with open sq to end of row, turn. 22nd row: 18 open sq; 2 bl; 1 open sq; 2 bl; 7 open sq to complete row, turn. 23rd row: 8 open sq; 2 bl; 1 open sq; 2 bl; 17 open sq to complete row, turn. 24th row: 17 open sq; 2 bl; 1 open sq; 2 bl; 8 open sq, turn. 25th row: 9 open sq; 1 bl; 2 open sq; 1 bl; 17 open sq to complete row, turn. 26th row: Open sq. The medallion is completed by going entirely around it with 1 d over each d, and 2 d into each open sq.

For a bride planning her linen chest, filet crochet squares will add elegance and individuality to her linen, with very little work. The idea might be carried out through her personal linens as well as those for the household. If desired, instead of a conventionalized design within the square, her own initial could be used.

In the last few days before Christmas, when, perhaps, two or three friends have been forgotten in the Christmas rush, one of these quickly made little filet crochet squares will convert a plain piece of household linen into an attractive gift, if the recipient-to-be is a homekeeper. Even though it may be a Boarding-House Person who is on the Santa Claus list, a guest towel, so beautified, would prove a welcome gift. Boarding House Persons dislike offering to guests the quality of towel which is their daily portion.

Editor's Note.—Full directions will be sent for making the other three filet crochet squares if you accompany your request with a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Genevieve Sterling, Needlework Editor, care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.





This Little
HUMAN
DOCUMENT
tells the story of

Guil Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK

THE ORIGINAL

Its uniformity enables the mother to determine with accuracy the proper modification desired. Its absolute purity assures her that the baby is getting a thoroughly safe, wholesome food. It keeps well and is easily prepared.

Many mothers cannot nurse their little ones. When this contingency arises the problem is to get the substitute that is best suited to the baby's individual requirements.



The thousands of recorded cases of children who have been carried through the critical period on "Eagle Brand" have established it as the leading product of its kind.

Keep a supply of "Eagle Brand" in your pantry.

It has a hundred uses as a culinary help. In thousands of homes it is preferred for coffee and tea. In ice-cream, cakes, cookies, icings, dainties and knick-knacks, it supplies a delicate quality that provides a new delight.

"Eagle Brand" is economical and always ready for use and keeps well.

Borden's Condensed Milk Company
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York



Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
100 Hudson Street, New York
Please send me "Baby's Welfare," which tells how to keep my baby well. Also "Baby's Biography," to record events of his childhood, as well as "Borden's Recipes," which tell how to improve my cooking.
Name.....
Address.....

DAILY ANNALS OF ANNEMARIA

[Continued from page 52]

"Well, why wouldn't it?" asked Jed Peters, sticking to his guns. Had not Annemaria written that he was fat?

"Oh!" cried Annemaria, suddenly. "I wonder if—but, no; I guess that couldn't be."

"What couldn't?" Even Jed Peters' voice joined the exasperated chorus.

"Do you suppose I could have written this when I didn't know anything about it? My other sukic self?"

"Huh?" gasped the group.

"When I was sick—I've had the mumps, you know," interpolated Annemaria, proudly—"there was a book at home that I read, called *Certain Sukic Researches*. And it said that lots of folks have two selves, and that one of them sometimes doesn't know what the other one does. When you are bad, that might be one kind of self, and the rest of the time you might be another one. It's like going to sleep and having a dream. The book told about a girl who had a sukic self." Annemaria's voice sank dramatically, and the circle closed in about her. "She was an awful good girl until her sukic self got to going. And then she sometimes swore something fierce—gosh, and golly, and other things that she could never have heard anywhere—she had no brothers, or cousins, and I believe her father was dead. And when she got back to her first self, she never knew how she'd been talking."

Her voice sank. The group looked at each other, wide-eyed. Then corroboration came from an unexpected quarter.

"My pa took me to a play like that once," declared Lester Hughes. "It was just like that exactly. 'Dr. Jackal and Mr. Hyde' was the name of it."

"You always say or write just the opposite of what you think other times," declared Annemaria casually, but with underlying anxiety.

"Maybe that was why you said you liked the teacher," offered Jed Peters.

"Did I say that?" Annemaria grinned, and the veriest skeptic was convinced.

"Did any of you ever see me writing in it?" persisted the little girl, in the tone of one athirst for psychic information.

"I did," declared Erminie, starting. "Lots of times. And you didn't ever look as if you knew what you were doing. I noticed it, then."

Annemaria breathed more freely, and with her first relieved gasp came a further burst of inspiration.

"I know!" she cried. "Why don't you put the book back in my desk when I'm not looking, and then watch me this afternoon and see if I write in it. Then we'll know, for sure. I wouldn't want to tell you I was a Sukic person unless I am," added Annemaria, virtuously.

The plan was greeted with awed enthusiasm. That afternoon the air of the room grew tense, while all eyes turned upon the little girl in the pink dress.

"I know that you are all glad to have Annemaria with you again," remonstrated Miss Gunning, once. "But you mustn't keep looking at her when you ought to be studying your lessons. She won't fade away before your eyes, you know." But the room felt that if Miss Gunning knew about the sukic research, she would not adopt quite that confident tone.

Just before the Geography period, the watchers were rewarded. Annemaria's eyes grew stony, while her expressive little face became a mass of impassivity. One hand stole stiffly into her desk, and drew out the composition-book. The room held its breath while Annemaria wrote.

When the bell rang for Geography, Annemaria came to herself with a start of surprise. She looked down at the book, and her eyebrows lifted themselves almost to the roots of her rebellious hair.

"Less see," whispered Lester Hughes, flatteringly impatient.

Annemaria handed him *The Daily Annals*.

"I love fractions," she had written, and nothing could have been more convincing of the fact that she possessed a sukic self. "I wish that we could do fractions all day long, and that there was a school on Saturday. It is very sad to waste a whole day a week."

Looking neither to the right nor to the left, Annemaria yet saw that she had won the day. She came back from Geography class to find a somewhat tubercular looking apple awaiting her on the desk. Erminie had squeezed her hand in passing. On everybody's face she saw a look of awe and interest and of deep respect. Annemaria was vividly aware that she had attained a popularity such as had never been hers before, something of such reverence as is meted out to the Circasian Snake Eater at the circus, she thought.

Moreover, Jimmy Farrell, her adored cousin, friend, and tormentor, leaned over to speak with her in line.

"Us fellows is going fishin' Saturday, Ann'm'ria," he informed her. But Annemaria smiled, and made no answer.

"Want to come?" he proffered.

"I'll see." There was careful dignity in Annemaria's tone, but she could not help grinning at her cousin. And the hurt of the morning when Annemaria's heart had been held up for her friends to laugh at, the vast resolve of the cloakroom, the repentant realization that she had not held to the truth, and the triumph of her victory, were all in that baffling grin.

THE CHIC IN WINTER MILLINERY

[Continued from page 28]

are made of buckram wound with the wool, first across the buckram leaf, then over and under each cross thread, following the length of the leaf form three times. (A pattern of this leaf, the exact size, will be sent by mail, on request, if stamped envelope is enclosed.)

Another wool ornament can be made of two small wool balls (Fig. 5) and two leaves made like those just described, but over a narrower and longer buckram foundation. The cardboard rings for these two balls are two inches and one and one-half inches across, with small holes cut in the center. Cherry red for the balls with moss green leaves is a good combination. One skein of wool would be enough to trim dozens of hats in this style.

The wool ornaments are just as effective on the sailors, or hats with brims (Figs. 2 and 3). A wool daisy is especially pretty (Fig. 3). Wind the wool over buckram petals just as the wool was wound over the buckram leaves. (A pattern of this will also be sent on request.) There are nine of these petals, each one three inches long and one inch wide across the center.

FOR a much smaller daisy, to be used in a bunch instead of singly, make up with wire instead of buckram (Fig. 10). Make a center of yellow yarn in the way that you have been directed to make the pompons, but use a one-inch circle and



FIG. 9—A WOOL CARNATION THAT IS SIMPLE TO MAKE



FIG. 7—CARDBOARD CIRCLE FOR POMPONS



FIG. 8—WOOL APPLE AND LEAVES

instead of running a strong string or thread around the inside circle use a piece of fine wire. Cut this wire about twelve inches long, which will be twice the length of the stem when finished. Twist the wire tight to hold the tiny pompon well, then twist the two six-inch ends of wire to make the stem. Cut the yarn, now, around the edge of the

one-inch cardboard circle and trim the ends of the yarn.

For a petal cut a three-inch piece of white tie wire. Bend the wire in the middle and twist a tiny loop where you have bent it. Then twist the two ends of the wire together so that they form a single strand with the tiny loop at one end. Take four stitches through the tiny loop and draw these stitches to the end of the wire strand. These stitches will make eight strands of yarn. Wind the loose ends of the yarn strands to hold them firm to the ends of the wire strand. Make six of these, arrange them around the center and wind them to the stem. Finish by winding the stem and ends of the petals with green yarn. If your yarn is heavy, take fewer stitches to make each petal.

A WOOL carnation is a much more elaborate flower in appearance, but it is just as simple to make (Fig. 9). Cut a piece of cardboard two inches long and one inch wide. Wind around it, widthwise, thirteen strands of yarn; then on one edge tie hard knots of a deeper shade of the yarn. On the other edge take buttonhole stitches exactly on the edge and draw these ends of the yarn loops as close together as possible. Break the cardboard to

remove it, then make a circle or a swirl of petals by allowing the knotted ends to fan and the ends that were drawn with buttonhole stitches to be as close as possible. Make four of these swirls. Each one will have thirteen petals which will be loops of yarn with knots at the ends. Make a yellow center as described for the daisy above.

Arrange the four swirls of petals, one over the other, on the stem, and finish by winding the stem with green yarn.

Editor's Note.—Letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by Mrs. Tobey by mail, if stamped envelope is enclosed.



FIG. 10—SMALL DAISY SUITABLE FOR GROUPING



Elderly People

are frequently lacking in old-time vigor, merely because they do not have proper nourishment—food that rebuilds the body and keeps the mind healthy.

With advancing years the digestive functions are apt to become sluggish, and assimilation is less active.

To meet this condition, truly nourishing foods which are easily digested and quickly absorbed are necessary.

Knowing this, a famous food expert produced

Grape-Nuts

—a scientific, partially predigested food, full of the rich nutriment of wheat and malted barley, including the vital, life-giving phosphates grown in the grain. These elements are absolutely essential for normal health, but often lacking in the usual diet.

Served with cream, or hot milk for those who need easy chewing, Grape-Nuts is delicious and furnishes body-building, energy-producing nourishment—especially adapted for keeping folks "young" and vigorous, whatever their years.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers

The 50¢ Underwear that's knit in the dollar way

Tug! Scruff! Never mind

IT fears no strain in tub or on man's back—this Mayo Underwear.

You notice that in wearing it—when you rub and stretch the fabric and yank at the seams.

The good lady notices this on wash-day when she soaks it, boils it, wrings it and irons it.

That's because Mayo Underwear is actually — **the only 50¢ underwear that's knit in the dollar way.** "Knit in the dollar way" means a fabric with **10 ribs** to the inch instead of 8.

10 ribs to the inch instead of 8 guarantees more elasticity, more warmth, more wear.

Men's Single Garments 50¢

Men's Union Suits \$1.00

Boys' Union Suits 50¢

Those who prefer the old style 8-rib garments will find Mayo 8-rib Underwear an excellent value.

All dealers have Mayo Underwear or can very quickly get it for you.

More Elasticity More Warmth

12 Superiorities 12

1. Mayo 10-rib fabric.
2. Mayo mule-spun yarn
3. Mayo rip-proof seams
4. Sleeves and legs shaped to fit
5. Full-size armholes
6. No binding at elbows
7. All edges laundry-proofed
8. Snug-fitting collar and shoulders
9. Snug-fit cuffs and ankles
10. Mayo reinforced crotch
11. Full-size seat
12. Big, strong pearl buttons

12 Superiorities 12

THE MAYO MILLS, MAYODAN, N. C.

Mayo
MADE OF MAYO YARN
Underwear

A CALENDAR CARNIVAL

By ELEANOR OTIS

WHY can't we make it a different New Year's Eve?"

That was the thought which, last year, led to the planning of our "Calendar Carnival": a celebration of the year's gifts and a retrospect of its events. For, after all, when we summed it up, it had been a fine old year, and we owed it thanks before it slipped away forever!

So it was that instead of the familiar "I-don't-care," we tried to make it an "honor" evening. Our invitations read, "In honor of our departing friend, The Year 1914," and contained the verse:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

On each card, as a border, we sketched a calendar of the twelve months. Each guest was requested to indicate, by some article of his or her costume, an important event of the year—personal, local, national, or international, as each chose, letting only the hostess into the secret.

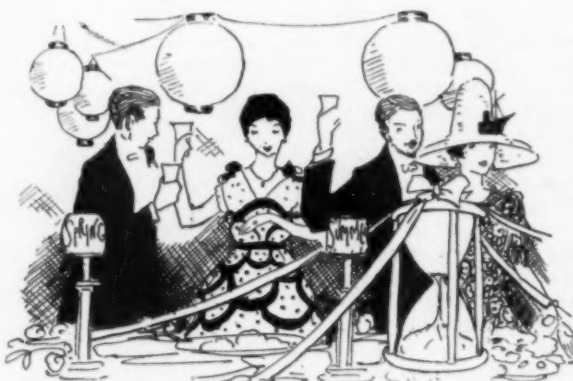
It was a merry crowd that gathered at the appointed hour and place, and the guessing of each other's events was our first absorbing occupation. Many of them were unique and more puzzling than we had expected.

One girl had basted on her skirt, and across her waist in fichu effect, strips of muslin bearing a few bars of music. It took some musical knowledge to discover that she wore the opening bars of the "Marsellaise," "Die Wacht am Rhein," and "Tipperary," and was absolutely neutral. Of course the European War was her event. A wide Panama hat, with a gash in the crown, through which emerged a small toy ship, symbolized the completion of the Panama Canal, the most important engineering achievement of the year—indeed, of many years, while a dove as a head-dress, bearing the Union Jack and our own national colors, commemorated the celebration of the Hundred Years of Peace between English-speaking nations. National events, however, were not so fully represented as were state, town, and personal happenings.

Suffrage, for instance, had been a prominent issue before our state, and several wore its emblems that evening; but local hits were, of course, most appreciated.

One young man, with a dust-brush and sweeping-pan, recalled our town's Spring Clean-Up Day; and the opening of our new post-office, of which we are so proud, was celebrated by a costume sprinkled with cancelled stamps. A dress copied after a prominent grape-juice advertisement recalled the recent temperance movement in our locality. The bride of the season wore her wedding gown, a young mother carried a baby's rattle, one of the boys, who had just hung out his M.D. sign, displayed vials and a small saw, and Molly Brown created the sensation of the evening with her new diamond ring—John's conscious air being the only advertisement he needed to proclaim his share in the transaction.

An Autobiography game came next. For this we had spent many busy hours



A SLASHED PANAMA HAT, WITH A TOY SHIP EMERGING FROM IT CELEBRATED THE COMPLETION OF THE CANAL; BUT IT WAS MOLLY BROWN'S DIAMOND RING THAT CREATED THE GREATEST SENSATION

of preparation, cutting from various magazines a large number of illustrations portraying scenes, people, and objects of every sort. We had also prepared, for each guest, a little blank booklet, made from sheets of note paper tied together through their central folds. On the cover of each booklet we had written: "The Cheerful Autobiography of —, 1914," the blank being where the guest was to fill in his name. These illustrations and booklets, together with scissors and paste-pot, were now produced; and each guest was instructed, from this miscellaneous supply, to paste in his or her book a pictorial account of the year's happiest doings. A half hour was allowed for this, then the guests were requested to sign their names, the booklets were collected, and the results were voted on. All were amusing, and many showed real cleverness and ingenuity in the use of the material at hand. But it was Fred Rollins' which won the prize. In the advertisements of

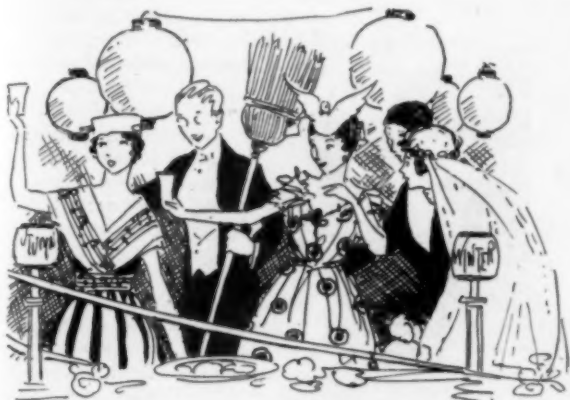
[Continued on page 57]

A CALENDAR CARNIVAL

[Continued from page 56]

various sporting-goods firms, and also in out-of-door stories, Fred had found illustrations for that splendid camping-trip of last summer. We saw the tent, with its camping outfit; a fishing catch; the camp-fire, with one of the boys cooking a tempting dinner over it; their canoe shooting the rapids, and the four bedraggled men trudging through the woods in a pouring rain. Under this last picture, Fred had written: "Even three days of this didn't spoil it." The prize for this game was a very suitable one, we thought, as it was a pretty little kodak album bound in limp-leather—the future depository of pictures of other experiences.

Any New Year's party would hardly be complete that did not afford some opportunity for the making of New Year's resolutions, and this was our next task.



BARS OF NATIONAL ANTHEMS SYMBOLIZED THE WAR; A DOVE, THE CELEBRATION OF THE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE; A BROOM, OUR CITY'S CLEAN-UP DAY; AND A BRIDE'S VEIL, HER RECENT WEDDING

At the conclusion they were collected and read aloud, and attempts were made, amid much fun, to guess the authorship.

This was not hard to do, in most cases, as we were all old friends and were thoroughly familiar with each other's little failings and eccentricities. Irma Barton's resolution, for instance, was so easily recognized that a shout of laughter arose when it was read.

"I resolve," bravely declared the slip of paper, "not to buy more than one box of candy a month, during 1915. The money I now spend daily for chocolates, shall hereafter be turned over to the church-organ fund."

Another resolution as characteristic and unmistakable was Fred Rollins' breezy: "A better percentage at college in 1915 ——— perhaps!" And even Fred himself—the happy-go-lucky scapegrace—had to join in the laugh that followed the reading of that virtuous vow.

Grace Henley resolved to put in two full hours of piano practice every day,

and not to leave the piano—not even if he called her up—until the two hours were over; and Charlie Hoppin, the dude of our little set, whose weakness for "purple and fine linen" was a standing joke with us, resolved to turn hobo in 1915, or live in a tub, or do any other grubby thing his friends preferred. But the funniest resolution was that of Helen Hake-well, who solemnly resolved not to make any resolutions whatsoever this year, because she made them every year, and broke them the day after, and the moral effect was bad. An appreciative burst of laughter greeted this bit of logic, and the prize, a little leather diary for 1915, which we had picked up at a joke-book counter and which, like the old-time diaries, contained a stern moral quotation for every day in the year, was presented to her.

Close on the heels of this game, came our next one—which we called "The Year's Mysteries."

For this we distributed a pencil, a thick envelope, and a slip of paper to each person present. The guests were then told to ask, on the slips of paper, the explanation of any three puzzling happenings that had occurred during the year. Each was to number her questions, to put the paper on which they were written into the envelope, to seal it, to jot the numbers one, two, and three, on the outside of the envelope,

and to drop the envelope into a big brass bowl nearby.

When all had done this, we thoroughly mixed the envelopes, then passed the bowl around, asking each to draw one. On the envelope she drew, each guest was requested to write answers to what she imagined the questions inside the envelope might be. The envelopes were then collected, thoroughly mixed (so all identity was lost) and carefully cut open. The questions and answers were read aloud, amid a gale of merriment.

SOME of them were about very personal and local matters.

For instance, the first question read:

Mystery 1. Why does Molly D. so persistently haunt the corner of Tenth Street and Cedar Avenue?

The haphazard answer to this was

Pooh! A foolish question!

This caused a roar of laughter on our

[Concluded on page 65]

Accidents Will Happen



Poor little Kiddie, he didn't mean to spill Daddy's coffee—but it's not serious. Fels-Naptha Soap will take out the stains in a jiffy, so there's no harm done.



But oh, my! Here's Johnny bumped his head and had the nose-bleed all over his clean white blouse! And blood-stains are so hard to get out—unless you use Fels-Naptha Soap. Then they're no trouble at all.



Gracious me! The cat's spilled the jam in the clothes basket! But Mother's not worried. She'll just put the clothes to soak as usual, with Fels-Naptha Soap, and after 30 minutes or so the stains will be all loosened and ready to wash out with a few light rubs.



But here's an accident that couldn't happen to an up-to-date housekeeper. Unexpected company to supper, and no supper ready because Mrs. Waybehind has just finished her washing.



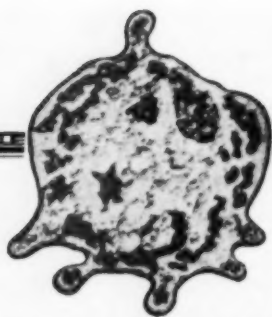
If she would only use Fels-Naptha Soap and let it do the *hard* work while her clothes are soaking, her washing would be done and hanging on the line by noon. Fels-Naptha makes hard-rubbing unnecessary and saves time and strength. Then company would be welcome, because she wouldn't be too tired to enjoy it.

The naptha in Fels-Naptha is not only on the wrapper, but in the soap—combined with other wonderful cleansers.

That's why Fels-Naptha so quickly, thoroughly and easily gets rid of dirt and grease—not only in clothes, but in every soap-and-water task about the home.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia



An Amoeba, one of the Parasites found in Pyorrhea.
Magnified 3000 diameters.

Emetine

And its Associated Alkaloid
—The New Treatment
for Pyorrhea
(Riggs Disease)

Now in Sozodont

THEREFORE, what poor wisdom to use some dentifrice which merely cleans!

Why not Sozodont, which not only cleans, whitens, polishes, cools, and freshens the teeth—as it has done for 64 years—but which also fights Pyorrhea?

Pyorrhea attacks both sound and unsound teeth without ache, pain or warning. All of us are in peril of Pyorrhea—even children.

If your gums feel sore, tender, or inflamed, or bleed after brushing; or if your teeth are loose, these may be danger signals of Pyorrhea, and eventual loss of your teeth.

Commence your whole family on Sozodont today. Send 4c for generous 10-day sample of Sozodont Paste, Powder or Liquid (state which), and learn again that pure, vigorous, arctic feeling which it leaves on your gums and teeth.

HALL & RUCKEL
261 Washington Street NEW YORK

SOZODONT

Paste,
Powder or
Liquid, 25c.
Each
Contains
Emetine



MONEY IN HATS!

Learn Millinery by Mail

Our course prepares you in your own home. Easy to learn. A good salary or a business of your own awaits you when you finish course. Write for further information.

N. Y. CORRES. SCHOOL OF MILLINERY, 147 Nassau St., N. Y. C.

WANTED!

We need a responsible, progressive woman in your town to represent us, selling our dress fabrics, silks, linens, wash goods and ready-to-wear garments. Many are earning \$30.00 per week; you may do as well. No experience or capital required. We furnish samples and teach you how to do it. Write now for territory.

Mutual Fabric Co., Dept. 493, Binghamton, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT A DOLLAR

By THE WOMAN WHO EXPERIENCED IT

I KNEW there wasn't a dollar to be had above the few we had set aside for the bare necessities of existence. Yet I was determined to have a happy Christmas Day. To do this, I knew I must find some one less fortunate than myself, some one to whom I, like Peter and John of old, could give such as I had.

Only one tiny gift would I send away, I decided. In a distant state lived an invalid uncle, who, although well cared for, had been an invalid for so long that he was in danger of losing the little attentions from the outer world so dear to the heart of a shut-in. Stored away in my desk was a little booklet, a gift of long ago, bearing neither name nor card. On its dainty cover was a white dove of peace. Each of its thirty-one pages bore some comforting thought from the Bible on the "peace which passeth understanding." I ventured the necessary nickel for postage, and sent the booklet on its way. I afterwards learned that it had carried the message of peace and love I had longed to send.

As I was preparing our plain dinner on Christmas day, an unexpected opportunity to give cheer came right to our door in the person of a tramp. We gave him a chair by the fire, placed a little sewing table by his side, and put on it such food as we had. He ate ravenously, and after the last crumb had disappeared, huskily thanked me. I prepared a little package of food for him to take with him, then watched him depart, warmed and apparently cheered.

Dinner over and the dishes cleared away, I went out for the afternoon of pleasure-seeking which I had planned.

First, I visited an old lady who was an invalid and nearly blind. She loved to be read to, and seldom experienced the pleasure. I read to her for an hour. When I left, I slipped into her hand a dear little poem which I had copied in very large writing. Though far past three-score and ten, she could commit to memory more readily than most school-girls. Having once heard the little poem, with the aid of the coarse copy it would soon be hers for all time.

My next call was on a neglected couple of old colored people. They needed sympathy more than money, and could have enjoyed nothing more than this op-

portunity to tell me of their "rheumatiz" and various other aches and pains.

Then I went to see an old couple whose loved ones all lived at a distance. The distant children remembered the old people lavishly, with gifts, but the one thing lacking to their pleasure was some one to examine and admire the gifts. I was the some one that day, and when at last I dragged myself away, I left a smiling couple begging me to come again.

My last call was upon a widow, poor and old, without friend or relative so far as I knew. She was so unused to attention that she expected none, and shut herself up under an exterior so forbidding that few cared to try to penetrate it. I had made repeated efforts, and had at last been rewarded by the most friendly of smiles. Here I wended my way, that Christmas Day, carrying a small bundle which contained a little gray shawl that had been my mother's. It was one of my most treasured possessions, and

I confess I winced a little at parting with it, but often my father had said to me: "We had better put that where it will do some good, before the moths eat it." I knew he was right. Now I would never have dared offer charity to my needy friend, but when I

said truthfully, "I want some one whom I love to have it," the shawl was received with pathetic delight. And I had the pleasure of knowing that both the thin shoulders and the lonely heart were warmed, and that my dear mother would approve, could she but know.

I NOW made my way home through the twilight and the falling snow, to where my dear old father sat in his armchair before the fire, awaiting my return. Dropping upon a stool at his feet, I related in detail the events of the afternoon. Then I listened for an hour to stories of his own bygone years, which he loved to tell and I to hear. After that he retired smiling, happy in having lived over again the days of his youth. I sat by the fire for a long time, thinking over my penniless Christmas, and rejoicing that, instead of being a dreary one, as had seemed likely at first, it had been the most successful and the happiest Christmas I had spent in years.



THEN I LISTENED FOR AN HOUR TO STORIES OF HIS YOUTH, WHICH HE LOVED TO TELL AND I TO HEAR

THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

BUYING THE HOUSEHOLD LINEN

By AGNES ATHOL

THE best time for replenishing the household linen is immediately after New Year's, because it is the custom of nearly every dry-goods store in America to hold a white-goods sale during the entire month of January. This does not necessarily mean that wonderful marked-down bargains constitute the main feature of the sale. While such bargains may undoubtedly be had, the chief advantage in waiting till January lies in the immense stock displayed, the chance to compare patterns and qualities, and the opportunity to purchase novelties offered at no other time.

Of all household linen, that for the table seems to get the hardest wear and to require the most frequent laundering and replacement. Table linen is, therefore, one of the principal items on the linen list and one of the most serious problems of the housewife.

A great many house-keepers attempt to economize on the purchasing and laundering of table-cloths, by using a white oilcloth for the children. This does very well while they are little or are served at a separate table, but it is so ugly! It changes a meal from a festival to a sordid, food-stuffing process. Why not have several sets of inexpensive doilies, instead? They can be easily laundered at home, and because they make the table attractive, are an incentive to good table manners. You can buy them in pure linen, machine-scalloped, for as little as a dollar and a half a set—the set including six large and six small rounds and a centerpiece. One year I bought two yards of tan linen for seventy cents, and from it, working only in odd minutes, made a yard-square centerpiece, six eight-inch doilies for the plates, and six little doilies for the glasses. I made them with inch-wide hems, and cross-stitched a simple border in brown and white on the right side. For lunch and breakfast, with a brass bowl of goldenrod, nasturtiums, or golden glow in the center, these are delightfully pretty. My sister, using some of the same tan linen, made hemstitched doilies, embroidering a brown initial on each.

Pretty luncheon sets can be made from strips of Japanese toweling, and are especially effective for a blue-and-white dining room. The material is cheap and fast-colored. Some of the designs are unique. A friend of mine pieced together the two halves of a great butterfly, in Japanese toweling, and mounted the whole butterfly under glass, on a home-made breakfast tray that had a raffia-bound frame.

For dinner, a cloth is not only more correct than doilies, but more practical. If the children have not learned to eat tidily, a square of household parchment at each of their places will prove inconspicuous and helpful. Then, too, a few rewards offered for clean places will accomplish wonders. Make dinner a ceremony, the great privilege of the day. Set the table carefully, and teach the little ones how to do it for you. Make the meal a time for interesting conversation and best behavior.

In choosing cloths and napkins, it does not pay to get too cheap a quality, as then, when the dressing is washed out, the cloth will be found loosely woven, coarse-threaded, and thin. A thick-feeling, close weave is best, and is worth a higher price. As a rule, good napkins cost in the neighborhood of five dollars a dozen, but, occasionally, patterns that are odd or about to be abandoned will sell in good qualities for

less. The cloth should come to about the price of the napkins. Table-cloths bought by the yard, instead of by the individual design with finished ends, are a little lower. If you are offered unhemmed napkins for the same price as machine-hemmed napkins, by all means choose the unhemmed ones. While it is sometimes better for a very busy mother to buy machine-hemmed napkins for every-day use, those that are hand-hemmed are prettier and in an inexplicable way nicer. At least, cut the napkins apart yourself, by a thread, and if they cannot be hand-hemmed, be sure of straight edges by hemming with your sewing-machine hemmer.

A substantial, cheap napkin, in a fabric imitating linen, can be bought for as little

[Continued on page 60]



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THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

[Continued from page 59]

as ten cents. It will give satisfaction, and, during the fruit season, will save the better set. Paper napkins, however, should be in evidence when peaches and pears are put on the table. Napkins usually come to match the table-cloth in design, and, for round tables, there are special patterns which stand out beautifully when the cloth is laid. It is not, however, rigidly essential to use napkins that match the cloth. Indeed, when much entertaining is done, it is virtually impossible to have the same set of napkins ready each time the cloth appears.

LARGE napkins, and cloths two and a half to three yards in size, are intended for dinner. The smaller, or "breakfast" size of cloth and napkin is perfectly satisfactory for the family in the morning, and much easier to launder. Lunch sets, with simple square cloths and corresponding napkins, Mexican, Madeira, or hem-stitched, are very pretty for the occasional festive luncheon. Fringed table linen, to my mind, is wholly unsatisfactory, as it takes a skillful laundress and much time to brush out the fringe.

You can make a charming set of lunch napkins, yourself, out of firm, white linen—a grade selling for fifty or seventy-five cents a yard. First, draw threads to make each napkin perfectly square—about twelve inches is a good size—then roll and whip the edges forward and backward, in delft-blue, or any colored cotton. Embroider a cross-stitch basket in one corner of each. I had a set given me in which each napkin had a different basket. Nevertheless, except for such slight touches, it is a mistake to introduce color into the table linen. It is true that an excellent quality of imported linen comes with red and blue borders; this damask is permissible for certain uses, but plain white is best in the long run.

The little luxuries in table linen are innumerable, but the busy housewife has not always time to use them. Some of them are special covers for the hot-dish mats; a good felt or quilted silence-cloth—a necessity if doilies are not used; centerpieces; finger-bowl doilies; special-shaped doilies for the bread dish, the cake or sandwich basket, the coffee

tray; and several handsome tea-cloths. Then, too, there are the countless devices for keeping the linen drawer in order, most important being some rounds of covered cardboard in different sizes to hold doilies flat, and cardboard cylinders over which to roll centerpieces.

Next to the table linen, the bed linen seems to demand the most frequent replacement. An allowance of three sheets to each bed is entirely too meager an equipment, permitting only one change a week. The constant washing soon wears out the entire set all at one time. By increasing the original supply, and buying a certain number of additional sheets each year, the total wear will be found much more satisfactory. Then, too, care in rotating the sheets in the linen closet will

be found a great help. Good quality in the first place, however, is the most important thing of all. There are several well-known mills that make a specialty of their splendid muslin, and, as in all commodities for the home, the firm that has

a name may be depended upon to live up to its reputation. Thin, highly-dressed sheets and pillow-cases, sheets with seams in the center, and other forms of "seconds" do not pay. Have different shelves labeled, on their edges, for the different sized sheets, and other linen. It saves a vast amount of time and annoyance, when getting out the fresh changes.

Linen sheets and pillow-cases are regarded as more or less of a luxury by most people. They cost more than twice as much as muslin, and to many the feeling of the cool linen is disagreeable. If embroidered initials or ends are desired, invest in a few extra-heavy pairs of muslin sheets and pillow-cases. One should never put painstaking workmanship into inferior materials. Tatting makes a substantial trimming for pillow-case ends, as does crocheted edging or insertion. The custom of working initials into a band of crocheted insertion for pillow-cases or towels is very attractive. The main thing is to make sensible purchases in the first place, and then to ornament or improve them as time and fancy dictate.

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PRETTY LUNCHEON SETS CAN BE MADE FROM STRIPS OF JAPANESE TOWELING

BOARDING IN

[Continued from page 15]

and as for brothers—they simply cannot be kept away. They come regularly, by train, in automobiles, and on motor cycles.

"Could we have a steak Sunday?" one of the household asks the acting housekeeper Friday night. "My brother Jim is coming to dinner, and he adores steak. You know he has never been here, and he thinks we live on pickles and chocolate eclairs."

Whenever one of the members has a birthday, there are always great doings. Holiday like Christmas and Thanksgiving are observed a day or so beforehand. Last year, there was a wonderful Christmas dinner with place-cards and a holly-trimmed table. The turkey was cooked to a turn and it was ever so home-like and cozy. After the last demi-tasse was drained, they all gathered about the grate fire and fished for gifts in a big hamper, gay with poinsettia decorations. Before Christmas they had drawn lots for colors, and the gifts were wrapped accordingly. The girl whose color was blue angled after every package of that color, whether it was large or small. She whose

choice was pink gathered in all the bundles of that tint. Previous pledges had been made that no one of the nine should spend over a dollar for the eight gifts she was to contribute to the pond, and in the packages were aprons and caps, skirt-hangers, calendars, little memorandum books for planning meals, pictures.

Some of the teachers are suffragists and some are antis. So, around election time, there was a party with the table decorated half in yellow, half in pink. Nice little rose-colored candles stood before the places of those opposed to votes for women; golden shades glowed where the "suffs" sat.

Talking shop in the Club's house is strictly taboo. If Freddy Brown in the fifth grade cuts up unendurably, or if Nellie Allen in the eighth grade turns out to be a "problem," no mention is made of it under penalty of fine. The Club is a place to rest and recuperate after the day's strain—a place where a tired teacher can "putter round" just as if she was at home.

Even a bite between meals is possible.

PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS CAKE

[Continued from page 27]

wrapped. White tissue paper can be folded 'round the cake, fastened with Christmas seals, and put into a gay holly box.

A quaintly pretty "pincushion" effect can be achieved by wrapping a round cake in several layers of soft paper, then tying ribbon 'round it a number of times in different places as if dividing it into sections. The point where all the ribbons cross should have a rosette of many loops.

Plum Puddings also make attractive gifts for Christmas. Fit them into small tin buckets, dress the whole in holly paper, twist red and green ribbon about the handle and finish with a big red bow—you will have an ideal gift, very, very pretty to look at and most delicious on the inside. I make my plum puddings by the following receipt:

RECIPT FOR PLUM PUDDING.—Two pounds of currants; two pounds of raisins; one-half pound of citron; one-half pound of almonds; one-half pound of cherries; one-half pound of pecans; one pound of brown sugar; one pound of browned flour; eight whole eggs; two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted with the flour; one pound of butter or beef suet; one-half pound of breadcrumbs; one cupful of molasses; one tablespoonful of salt (if suet is used); two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon; one-half teaspoonful

of cloves; one nutmeg, grated; and one cupful of grape juice.

How to PUT TOGETHER.—Cream suet with one-half sugar, adding to this the salt. Beat yolks of eggs with other half of sugar. Then add molasses, spices and breadcrumbs. Next add alternately until all is used, the flour and beaten whites of eggs. Add, a small quantity at a time, the nuts and fruit, over which the grape juice has been poured. Steam for three hours in well buttered one-pound baking-powder cans and serve with hot sauce of any variety liked. The receipt here will make eight individual puddings.

If the pudding or cake is to be given to a near neighbor, it would be better to send the gift without any wrapping at all. Arrange the pudding or cake on a flat platter of gaily colored design, surround with a wreath of holly, lay a holly spray on top, or a natural red flower; and the present will hold all the spirit of the holiday time. Then again, a brown wicker basket may be tastefully used to hold this sort of gift. Place in bottom of basket a lace mat, lay pudding on it, then tie a bright bow to the handle. If something a trifle more elaborate is desired, cover the cake or pudding entirely with fresh blossoms. It will be a happy surprise to find a luscious plum pudding under the posies.

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COOKING IN THE FURNACE

By MARGARET PALMER and CLARA M. WELLS

FOR a few months during the year, the furnace, while heating the house, can be made to cook many dishes for the table, without the expenditure of extra fuel. Such cooking is done most successfully in a hot-air furnace which burns hard coal or coke and which has a broad, level ledge just inside the furnace door. This ledge serves as an oven, and the food is cooked as if in an ordinary oven.

In some furnaces, the ledge is on a slant. This can be corrected, to a certain extent, by laying a piece of iron down next to the fire, and then having a strip of sheet-iron cut to fit this space. Bend over the end next the fire just enough to make the strip of sheet-iron set level. This will keep baking potatoes from rolling into the fire, and will enable other dishes to cook without the juice running out.

As the heat will be more intense than in a range heated with gas, wood, or coal, the dishes used for cooking in the furnace should be made either of earthen- or metal-ware. Those made of metal must be without wooden handles or knobs that can char in the heat, as these are quickly ruined.

All earthenware dishes should be tempered before being dedicated to furnace cookery. To do this, place them on the stove, in cold water; allow the water to come to a boil, boil gently for ten minutes, and let the dishes remain in the water until it is cold.

No matter what dish is used, however, it must be further protected from the intense heat, or it will crack, or the food burn. This can be done by the use of a piece of heavy sheet-iron, large enough to put inside of the door and to fit back of the cooking utensils, separating them from the fire. Cover this with asbestos. For the bean-pot and kettles, bend a piece of the sheet-iron into a semi-circle, to fit around

them, within three or four inches. Cover this, also, with asbestos. To cook such foods as beans, rice, breakfast foods, puddings, escalloped dishes or dried fruit, place an asbestos mat under them, on the ledge, in addition to the sheet-iron back of them. The best protection for casserole ware is a hood, made of sheet-iron and covered with asbestos. Set the dish on an asbestos mat, and then slip this hood over it.

It is a wise and safe plan to experiment with old dishes before placing the good utensils on the ledge. One will have to learn just how to regulate the drafts, and which foods take a slow, steady fire, as well as which can stand a quick, hot fire.

Furnace cookery is ideal for foods requiring long cooking, such as beans, pot roasts, soups, Swiss steaks, roast meats, steamed brown bread, tough, cheap cuts of meat, and puddings, as the furnace can cook them thoroughly without the use of extra fuel.

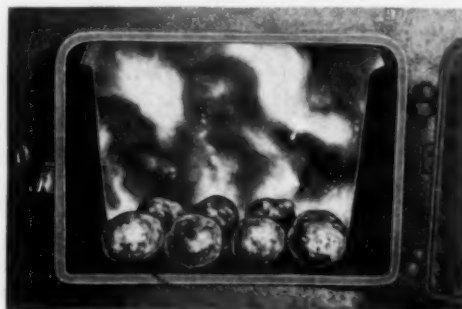
ONE must bear in mind, however, that it takes much longer to cook some foods in the furnace than it does to cook others. For instance, custards or steamed

puddings can be cooked while the fire is burning quickly; but a slow, steady fire is needed for Swiss steaks or soups. It takes an hour, and a moderate fire, to bake apples or potatoes; while beans should be cooked in the afternoon and at night, when the

fire is low, as this will save frequent trips to the basement to add water to them. If beans are baked during the early part of the day, they will require constant watching, since the fire, then, is usually very hot.

The housewife will very quickly learn what tools this method of cookery demands. An old fashioned, wire-mesh corn-popper with a long handle, will be

[Concluded on page 63]



IT TAKES AN HOUR, AND A MODERATE FIRE, TO BAKE POTATOES ON THE FURNACE LEDGE



THE DISHES USED FOR COOKING IN THE FURNACE SHOULD BE OF EARTHEN- OR METAL-WARE



COOKING IN THE FURNACE

[Continued from page 62]

found invaluable, being an ideal broiler for small steaks or bacon, and excellent for making toast, as the handle protects the hands. Heavy, padded holders will, of course, be needed for removing the dishes, and should be kept always in the basement, near at hand. The ledge itself should be kept clean by being washed out or brushed with a whisk-broom.

With these elemental principles of furnace cookery mastered, one's real pleasure in this new science begins—the planning and serving of dishes which, because of the long cooking they require and the consequent amount of fuel needed, we have had to banish from the family board. Following are some simple, economical and delicious receipts for homey dishes of this type:

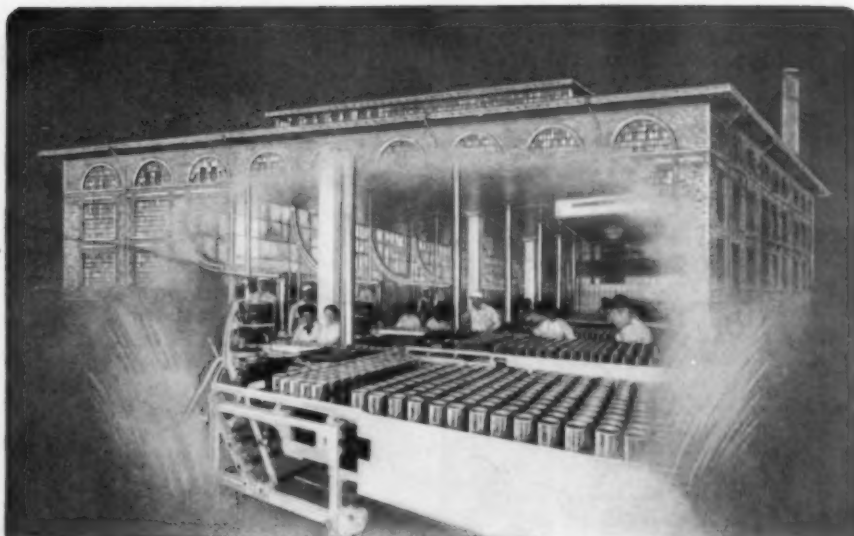
MEXICAN BEEFSTEAK.—Ask the butcher to cut a round or chuck steak, about two inches thick. Wash it, and sprinkle it with flour to which has been added salt and pepper. Cover the meat with flour, and pound until no more flour will stick to it. Sear to a light brown in hot butter, and place in a casserole; smother with onions, or add potatoes instead, and bake.

CHUCK-STEAK POT-PIE.—Take the cheaper cuts of meat, or left-overs from a porterhouse—cut in small pieces. If meat is scarce—as it usually is with us of chuck-steak incomes—alternate with bread. Add a pint of stock, and cover with a rich crust. Bake the dish two hours.

JAPAN-RICE APPLES.—Hollow out large apples, and fill the spaces with left-over rice pudding. Place in an earthen casserole, sprinkle with brown sugar or honey, and bake. They are delicious served with cream or near-cream.

CHOP-STICKS.—Work half a cupful of butter or lard into a quart of light bread dough, and sweeten with half a cupful of brown sugar mixed with cinnamon. Form into sticks the size of your little finger, let raise, place in buttered casserole, cover, and bake. Serve with rice-apples. Made of the bread dough, they are strong enough to use as chop-sticks in eating the baked rice-apple, if one is as adept with chop-sticks as are the Japanese. A less serviceable chop-stick, but one more to our taste, is made with a cupful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg, and one pint of flour. Bake, without raising, in buttered, covered casserole.

JAPAN-RICE FRUIT CAKE.—One cupful of soaked rice, one egg, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, one cupful of sugar, and one pound of raisins or chopped, dried fruit. Place in casserole, and bake.



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| pantry flour is used) | 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder |
| 2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco | 1 cup finely chopped apple |
- [Level measurements]

Separate egg and beat the yolk thoroughly. Add milk and water then the melted Crisco. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the liquid together with the chopped apple. Beat thoroughly, then fold in the well-beaten white of egg. Put in Criscoed muffin tins and bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes.

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A POTATO POSTSCRIPT

By OUR SUBSCRIBERS

NEW YEAR'S CROQUETTES.—Beat the yolk of one egg until thick, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, then work in two cupfuls of mashed potato. Shape into bells, and decorate each around the bot-



tom with tiny cubes cut from a boiled sweet potato. Place a small, curving piece in the top of each, to represent the handle of the bell. Put the bells in a buttered pan, broad ends down. Beat the white of an egg slightly, add a teaspoonful of milk, and brush each bell with the mixture. Bake the bells until golden brown, and serve them on a hot platter. Garnish prettily with parsley. This is an ideal dish for New Year's dinner.—M. H. N., Salem, Massachusetts.

POTATO CAKES.—Season two cupfuls of very finely-mashed potato, with a half-teaspoonful of pepper and a half teaspoonful of salt. Sift in one cupful of flour containing one teaspoonful of baking powder. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Flour well, then roll one-half inch thick. Cut into potato cakes two inches square. Grease a hot gridiron very lightly, lay the cakes on it, and cook them on top of the stove or on gas that is turned low. Cover for about five minutes, until they raise and are brown on one side. Then, turn them over and brown them on the other side. When done, split them open while hot, and butter them. Serve at once.—E. T., Kingston, New York.

BAKED POTATOES.—Wash the potatoes well, wipe them dry, and brush them over with butter. Put them in the oven, on a wire rack with an asbestos mat under it, and bake them about forty minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, colors them an appetizing brown, and will be found an improvement on the usual way of baking potatoes.—M. M. G., Columbus, Ohio.

POTATO PANCAKES.—To one cupful of cold mashed potato, add one cupful of milk. Sift together, in another vessel, one-half cupful of flour, one-half salt-spoonful of salt (assuming that the potatoes have been previously salted), one teaspoonful of sugar, and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Add this to the potato and milk. Beat well. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter, and beat again. Beating is the secret of light cakes, as the word "batter" indicates. An egg will help to make the mixture lighter, but is not necessary. The sugar helps to brown the cakes. Fry in the usual manner and serve with maple syrup.—H. E. B., Hartford, Connecticut.

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A CALENDAR CARNIVAL

[Continued from page 57]

part, and confusion on Molly's and John's. John's law office was on the corner of Tenth Street and Cedar Avenue!

Another typical question was:

Why did X— wait so long before he asked me to dance with him, the night of the Barclays' party?

The droll reply to this chanced to be:

So weighty a matter should not be lightly approached.

There was no prize for this game, of course, since the identity of those taking part was not revealed.

Supper came next, couples being assigned by order of birthdays—Alice, for example, who was born on January 15th, sitting next to old Dr. Evans, who came to earth on January 22nd, and so on, until we made a fairly complete chronological circle. At each place was an English walnut-shell which, when cracked, was found to contain an ironic prophecy.

For instance, pretty Irma Barton, whose devotion to chocolates was only equalled by her alarm over her increasing weight, found in her shell a slip of paper containing two drawings, one of a plump, the other of a very fat female figure.

Another prophecy that raised a laugh was that of Horace Kimball—a medical student who nursed the dream of some day being a great surgeon. In his shell was found a small drawing of a tombstone, bearing, as description, Horace's name, two crossed saws, and the epitaph: "Saul hath slain his thousands."

OUR table decorations combined suggestions of the four seasons. We had divided the space into quarters, by wide ribbons stretched from the center, and in each we had constructed a little group, representing a season. A tiny snow scene, with snowballs made of cotton sprinkled with diamond dust, and a little snow man, suggested the joys of winter; spring appeared in a group of fluffy yellow chicks; summer showed a small bathing beach, with tiny figures scattered about in the sand; and for fall there was a riot of paper pumpkins and autumn leaves. In the center was an hour-glass, with the sands almost run out.

Salad, sandwiches, cake, and coffee formed the simple but delicious feast, and as the clock chimed the hour of midnight, we pledged each other in ginger-ale and, joining hands, sang Auld Lang Syne.

Editor's Note.—Miss Otis, our Entertainment Editor, is bubbling over with ideas for every kind of party, luncheon, or dinner. If a stamped envelope accompanies your inquiry, she will gladly offer suggestions by mail.

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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

LESSON 59—AN AFTERNOON DRESS IN VELVET

By MARGARET WHITNEY

I HAVE selected for our lesson this month one of the new tunicked afternoon dresses. Tunics are again the last word in up-to-dateness. Other smart features of this frock are the shawl collar and the new full sleeves. Fur trimming is both effective and modish used on sheer and heavy fabrics alike.

THE MATERIAL.—I am using a soft, black velvet with collar of white satin, sleeves of black Georgette crêpe, and girdle of black, moiré ribbon. The collar and tunic are edged with beaver fur. Costume as illustrated, size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires five and seven-eighths yards of forty-inch velvet, seven-eighths yard of forty-inch chiffon and five-eighths yard of thirty-six-inch material for vest and collar.

THE PATTERN.—The waist is No. 6909 and may be had in six sizes, from thirty-four to forty-four bust. The skirt is No. 6911, and comes in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four-inch waist measure. Either pattern may be obtained in the foregoing sizes for fifteen cents.

CUTTING.—Place the pieces on the material as directed on the pattern envelope. Mark all pleats, perforations, notches, etc. The fur you can buy in straight strips at any furrier's and at most of the department stores. If you are to use old fur, mark the strips on the hide side and cut from this side, using a sharp knife, and being extremely careful that you cut only the hide and not the fur. The nap of the fur runs lengthwise of the strips.

THE SKIRT.—In making the skirt, first close the center-back seam. Run your finger down the center to open it (Fig. 1). You cannot press velvet as you do other materials.

THE PLACKET.—Cut the facing for the left side about two and one-fourth inches wide and one-half inch longer than the placket. Lay this face side to the face side of the material, with edges even along the placket, and stitch from top to bottom. Fold back a seam on the free edge of the extension; fold the extension through the center and fell it over the raw edges on the wrong side of the skirt. Cut facing for right side about one and one-fourth inches wide. Stitch it to the skirt as you did the extension, turn it back onto the wrong side, fold under the free edge, and fell it down. Finish the placket with ball-and-socket snaps.

Close the side seams, and run a gathering thread around the top.

THE TUNIC.—Lay the lining, face side to the face side of the tunic, and stitch around the outside. Clip off the corners close to the stitching, so that they will come out smooth when the garment is turned, and turn the tunic right side out. Baste close to the edge all the way around the outside.

THE FUR.—If you cut the fur yourself, sew the strips together, making sure

the nap runs one way. Butt the hides together, and join by whipping with over-and-over stitches. The fur will have to be mitered at the points of the tunic. Place the tunic flat on the table and lay the fur on it, pinching it up at the corner and marking just how much will have to come out. Cut out the V-shaped piece, cutting from the hide side (Fig. 2). Bring the edges together, and whip. Tape both edges of the fur. Lay the tape on the fur side along the edge and whip it on (Fig. 3). Then lay the tunic on the table, face side up, and the fur just below, face side down, with the tape extending up on the

[Concluded on page 67]



A VELVET AFTERNOON DRESS, CUT FROM PATTERNS NOS. 6909 AND 6911

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

[Continued from page 66]

tunic. Catch the tape to the material with running stitches, sewing close to the edge of the fur (Fig. 4). Turn the tape under on the other edge of the fur, bringing the band up onto the tunic, blind stitching it to position. Do not draw stitches too tight.

THE FOUNDATION BELT.—Cut it from grosgrain belting, using the pattern as a guide. The boned belt of softer material is seldom satisfactory when made by a novice. Turn under ends, and sew on hooks and eyes. Try on, adjust skirt, lay pleats in at top of tunic, and pin tunic to position, with raw edges of both skirt and tunic extending above belt. Remove the skirt, stitch around the top through belt, skirt and tunic, leaving the skirt free from the belt across the facing in back. Trim off the raw edges above the belt, and bind the top of the skirt. With lighter material it would be better to turn under top of skirt before sewing to belt.

THE WAIST.—Line the collar and sew on the fur, as directed with the tunic.

cuff even with the bottom of the sleeve, and stitch sleeve to outside cuff. Turn free edge of lining, and fell it over seam.

Close the underarm seams of the waist. Baste in the sleeves, and try on. If necessary, shift the fullness. Stitch sleeves in, turn the seams back into the waist, and cover with ribbon binding, run on flat.

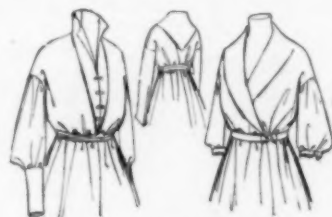
Gather the lower edge of the waist, and finish with a waistband (Fig. 7).

GIRDLE.—Insert the ribbon through the buckle (Fig. 5), and fasten it at the back (Fig. 6). Loop up ends, and fasten these to the back. Then tack girdle over waistband. These ribbon girdles with looped ends are one of the quaint revivals of the season. Moiré and faille ribbons are favored for these.

Of course, if you desire, you can join the waist and skirt.

In this case, make the placket under the tunic in front, join the waist to the foundation girdle, try on, and then adjust the skirt over it.

The seams in the velvet can be finished by binding or overcasting.



OTHER VIEWS OF DESIGN NO. 6909



OTHER VIEWS OF DESIGN NO. 6911



FIG. 1—OPENING THE SEAM

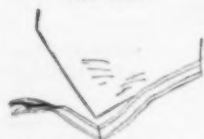


FIG. 4—SEWING ON THE FUR



FIG. 2—MITERING THE CORNER

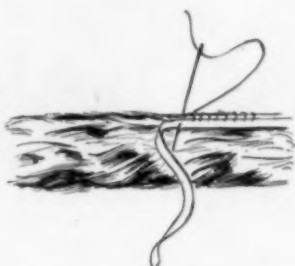


FIG. 3—TAPING THE FUR



FIG. 5—PUTTING ON BUCKLE



FIG. 6—THE GIRDLE



FIG. 7—THE WAISTBAND

Close the shoulder seam, and sew outside collar to neck edge, felling under collar over raw edges.

Join the sleeves with French seams, and gather top and bottom. Make the cuff in the same manner as the tunic. Turn it wrong side out, slip it over the sleeve upside down, the top of the

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you with suggestions for making any garment, or in planning your new winter clothes. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.



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THAT TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH

By ANNETTE BEACON

HOLIDAY time is a bad season of the year for the woman who wants to reduce—and her name is Legion! For boxes of luscious chocolates are sure to arrive, pounds of tempting bonbons, dainty packages of candied fruit. She opens the covers—and, alas! she falls.

Most of us have been virtuously thin at some time, and have looked askance at the woman whose waist was heavy, whose hips had lost their supple lines, and whose shoulders and arms were fast approaching the state which warrants the adjective "beefy." We have marvelled that she did not have the resolution to lay out for herself a rigid campaign of diet and exercise, and stick to it. "Surely," we have said, "she should not hesitate long between getting rid of some of those ugly pounds, and merely gratifying an over-good appetite."

But when, after an interval, we suddenly find ourselves in exactly her position, we discover that it isn't such an easy matter as it looks, to stick to a non-fat-producing diet. We have formed habits of eating, habits in choosing foods, and they prove unexpectedly hard to break.

YET it is perfectly true that we can never hope satisfactorily to reduce our overweight unless we reform our diet. There are certain foods which produce fat, certain other foods which do not—and the first class we must entirely let alone until such time as we have rid ourselves of the extra pounds with which our once normal figure is covered.

"But shouldn't everybody live on a balanced diet—and doesn't that include the fat-producing foods?" someone is sure to ask. It does include the fat-producing foods, but the body which is overweight will furnish its own fat to supplement the non-fat-producing foods, and little by little it will be used up until the normal figure is reached—whereafter fat-producing foods in small quantities may again be incorporated in one's diet.

The game is worth the candle, for too much flesh affects one's appearance, one's efficiency, one's comfort; in many cases, one's health.

Therefore, let us all be Spartans together and vow on the first leaf of our 1916 calendar to attain the perfect weight for our height, let the task be ever so arduous.

The first thing for us to fix firmly in our minds is a list of the foods we should avoid. The answer is the starchy foods—which means white bread, cereals or breakfast foods, potatoes, rice, macaroni; sweets (sugar on our food, cakes, pies, desserts, candies, syrupy soda water); fats (fat meats, butter, custards, gravies, milk, cream, iced creams). Don't think for a minute you can compromise, and by omitting potatoes, and rice, and fat meats, and candy, and gravies, while eating bread and butter, a breakfast cereal with cream, and an occasional "simple dessert," achieve your end. No! you have to be a Real Heroine and deny yourself the entire list of objectionable foods until you have used up every ounce of the fat which over-weights your body.

To be sure, the woman who is only a few pounds beyond normal need not be so drastic in her methods. For her, the elimination of sweets (except a little sugar on cereals or desserts, and in coffee), the avoidance of fat meats and gravies, will be probably sufficient to bring about a reduction. But for her who is really fat, there is

no such happy mean, she must stick to the butterless, sugarless, starchless way. Here is what she may eat with impunity:

FOR BREAKFAST.—Fruit (an orange, grapefruit, a baked apple or pear, stewed prunes, stewed dried apricots). In cooking fruits, sweeten with saccharine, not sugar. With the fruit may be taken a cup

[Concluded on page 69]



GOING OVER THE
DIET LIST



FORBIDDEN SWEETS



A FIGURE THAT NEEDS
REDUCING



THAT TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH

[Continued from page 68]

of clear coffee and occasionally a soft-boiled egg.

FOR LUNCH.—One dish from the following list; poached or scrambled eggs, minced meat or cold sliced meat of any kind except pork, boiled codfish, broiled mushrooms or sweetbreads, cold fowl, raw oysters or clams, broiled fish.

One dish from this list: Apple and celery salad, fruit salad, pineapple salad, endive salad, cabbage salad, combination vegetable salad. Diced stewed carrots, baked or boiled onions, asparagus tips.

One dish from this list: Apple sauce, baked apple or pear, any fresh or stewed fruits except bananas, any gelatine dessert made with water and sweetened with saccharine. A fruit dessert is best, and you can ring the changes on sliced oranges, shredded pineapple, stewed apricots, baked pears, grapefruit, melon, berries in season, sliced or stewed peaches, apple sauce, stewed rhubarb.

FOR DINNER.—Raw oysters or clams, but no soup.

One dish from this list: Any roast fowl, any meat, roasted or broiled, except pork; fish, baked, boiled, or broiled; lamb or mutton chops; veal cutlets.

One dish from this list: Spinach, onions, salsify, turnips, parsnips, tomatoes (no corn), eggplant, Brussels' sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, asparagus, beets, carrots, stewed celery, squash.

One dish from this list: Any salad in the lunch list, sliced cucumbers, tomatoes, young onions, radishes, celery, any relish.

One dish from this list: Any water ice, as lemon or strawberry ice, etc., any of the desserts given in the lunch list; any fruits, except bananas.

For the salads, no olive-oil must be used, but a boiled dressing made without cream, milk, or oil. Any spicy relish, such as tomato catsup, Chili sauce, Worcestershire sauce, etc., may be used. Do not drink at meals, but between meals. Masticate your food thoroughly.

For the first couple of weeks on the diet, the reduction will be slight, as your body will be just accustoming itself to the new regime. After that, the scales will show a gratifying decrease each month.

If you will supplement the good work by special reducing exercises—directions for which I shall be glad to send you—you will be able to face the mirror before long without the slightest qualm.

Editor's Note.—It is Miss Beacon's object to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request.

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LAUNDERING YOUR LINEN

By LILLIAN PURDY GOLDSBOROUGH

FEW housekeepers realize the prompt returns that come from a small degree of weekly attention given to the linen. To have a sufficient quantity for the necessary changes, to see that this is put into the laundry at the proper time, to replenish, when the stock becomes depleted—these are the usual items for consideration. But there are other vital points that demand thought and watchfulness; and it is upon these details that the conservation of your linen really depends.

First, the strict avoidance of washing-powders is the primary rule for the laundering of linen. The weakening of the threads, resulting from the use of these destructive substances, is inevitable at an early stage in the life of the linen; and the immediate and complete ruin of table-cloths and napkins is the outcome when such so-called "helps" are not thoroughly dissolved in the water. Thus, it is not only unsafe, but actually harmful, to use anything but clear, warm water, with an abundant supply of a mild, pure soap, and the usual bluing. These, combined with careful handling, only a moderate amount of rubbing, and a thorough rinsing in several waters, comprise the simple precautions to take if you want your linen to last its normal length of time.

The overuse of starch in the washing of linen is another mistake that often does damage; as the stiffness is apt to cause bruising at the creases, which will eventually result in a break in the fabric.

WHEN linen is put away, not to be used for some time, all the starch should be removed, not only because of the brittleness it causes, but also because it will make the linen yellow. Another point to be considered in this connection, is that linen should be kept in a dry, cool place. Heat causes a drying and brittleness of the threads, which ultimately means destruction.

Much may be said, also, about the method of ironing linen. For, while pres-

sure is essential, to bring out the pattern, an over-amount is likely to develop a cracking at the folds. The linen should be well dampened and, with the exception of lace-trimmed or embroidered pieces, should be ironed thoroughly on both sides until it is perfectly dry.

WHEN it comes to the creasing, the slightest pressure should be used, for it must be remembered that this process is necessary only because of convenience in putting the linen away, and that any undue stress at these points has a serious effect upon the fiber. Some housekeepers fold all their napkins by hand, simply pressing them gently with the fingers.

Another rule to be kept in mind, in ironing linen, is to move the iron with the threads, never diagonally. This system

is usually applied to straight-line articles without much thought as, for example, in pressing square table-cloths and napkins. It is in the ironing of round or oval pieces that disaster follows a rotary or diagonal movement.

The round lunch-cloth, to be successfully ironed, must be placed upon the ironing board with the threads parallel and at right angles to the board. Then, the iron should pass over it, up and down, or back and forth, lengthwise of the board.

In ironing round doilies or oval tray-cloths, the same principles apply. And remember, also, that where there are embroidered patterns, a bath towel should be first laid on the board, and the linen should be ironed only on the wrong side.

A cause for great dissatisfaction is the breaking of the hemstitching on towels, and while this may not be overcome entirely, it may be deferred many months, or, perhaps, a year or two, by careful attention to the matter of ironing. As a rule, the laundress brings the iron down forcibly toward the end of the towel, which means an unnecessary pulling on this weak point. To avoid this strain, iron crosswise at the hem.



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THREADS, NEVER DIAGONALLY

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FOR MEN MUST WORK

A STORY THAT MIGHT HAVE ENDED DIFFERENTLY

[Concluded from page 18]

She repeated this sentence again rather defiantly as she went into her pretty home. Everywhere lay the evidence of her exquisite taste and Philip Hathaway's indulgence. The house was in summer dress of cool green wicker and cretonne—silver bowls filled with pansies were scattered about on the tables. On the walls were expensive water-colors.

At half-past two in the summer morning, Philip Hathaway let himself into his home. A dim light was still burning in Anita's dressing-room. He paused outside the door a moment in hesitant fashion, then resolutely opened it.

HIS wife lay on the wicker couch, sleeping as quietly as a child, but there were traces of tears on her face.

There was no tenderness in Philip's eyes as he looked down at the flushed face. His was haggard, and the light showed a plentiful sprinkling of gray in his black hair.

Under the intentness of his look, Anita stirred.

"Thank goodness, you've come!" she said sleepily. "I never passed such an evening in my life. Even music was a nightmare. Is everything all right?"

"No," he answered soberly, still looking down at her with his intent gaze; "everything is all wrong. Anita, I have just come from the jail. Ryerson and I went down to see young Kingston. It wasn't speculating; it was mere living expenses. Poor kid! He cried like a baby. And he blames his wife."

Anita stopped short in the middle of a yawn.

"Poor kid? Poor cur!" she commented scornfully. "Steals—and then blames his wife. If that isn't like a man!" Philip moistened his dry lips.

"To-morrow he will regret it. To-night he is so desperate that he told the truth to Ryerson and me. It will go no farther. Ryerson and I are in the same boat."

"The same—Philip, what do you mean?"

"I mean," said her husband doggedly, "that if Ryerson and I had Kingston's honesty and courage, we'd share his cell to-night. Anita, are you blind as well as extravagant? Have you supposed my thirty-five hundred a year from the bank kept you in luxury? This house cost twenty thousand; the jewels on your left hand half that amount. Where do you suppose the money came from?"

ANITA had sunk back on the couch. Her eyes were stricken. "Why—why I thought—you made money—on the side. I don't know about business."

"No," said Hathaway slowly, "you butterfly women don't. You don't know anything but to drive foolish men to jail with your needs and never-to-be-satisfied desires. Men were created to supply your wants; that's your creed. If they can't do it honestly, let them do the other thing."

A tense silence fell on the room. Anita broke it.

"Are you trying to tell me that you are liable to arrest if anything is found out?"

"Oh, no!" replied her husband bitterly. "We were successful in our little operations. Ryerson and I are financiers, now. Legally, I do not owe the bank one fraction of a cent; morally, I owe it everything—even you, Anita. I do not think you would have married me if I had not been succeeding—even then."

Anita sprang up; her dark eyes were brilliant.

"Well, why don't you pay?" she demanded fiercely. "You've got the chance. Go and confess. Tell how you and Ryerson stole to satisfy your doll wives."

"I can't," said Hathaway heavily, his brooding eyes on the floor. "I've no right to save my conscience at the expense of the bank's reputation. Yes, it would mean

just that. Let a whisper get around of the American's integrity after this trouble with the other, and thousands of people will lose every dollar they have in the world. The Standard will go, anyway. Ryerson has been plunging heavily again, I'm afraid. * * * Confess? It would be a relief to confess! Kingston told me to-night he's happier there, in that cell, than he's been in five years."

"And does he expect that happiness to last? Will his ten or fifteen years in prison be happy years? And what of his family? He's dragged them down, too."

"He's doing the square thing, at last," answered Philip brokenly. "Perhaps he'll not be happy in your woman's use of that word, which means bodily comfort and physical ease, but he'll have a mind at leisure from itself, and that's more than I ever expect to have again."

WITH a sudden lithe movement, Anita knelt before her husband, her hands on his knees.

"Phil," she said, her eyes searching his face, "I've been an awful disappointment to you, haven't I? And now—this! Why do you suppose we ever married?"

His dull eyes kindled as they met the sweet fire in hers. "We married," he said quickly, "because I was determined to marry you, Anita. Don't mistake me, there. You are the only woman. And now I've lost even your respect. No one respects a thief, not even himself."

"You sha'n't call yourself a thief! Didn't you tell me you didn't owe them a penny?"

"Legally, I don't; but we won't discuss it, Anita. Women do not look at these things from the same angle that men do. In my own eyes I'm a thief."

The fire in her eyes changed and deepened into mother tenderness.

"Phil," she said, wistfully, stroking his hands, "I'm afraid I've wanted—too much, and you've given too much—even things that weren't yours to give. And to-night I've been thinking things over. That's why I was so peppery when you thought the same things, Phil. Honestly, I'm not bound up, heart and soul, in having pretty things, though I love them. Every woman does; but, after all, they're not the big things of life. Some things I heard and saw this afternoon opened my eyes. I didn't marry you to use you as a lever in raising me to higher levels in society, Phil; really, I didn't. But we've been living as if I did. What do you say to an equal partnership?"

He caught her soft face between his palms. "What do you mean, Anita? Don't you understand, dear? I'm telling you that, but for the accident of circumstance, I'd be in Kingston's place to-night. I—I thought you'd be through with me after that confession."

She smiled at him.

"Through? Why, this partnership has only just begun. Listen, Phil, will you take that place out West which you had offered to you last week? We'll begin over again, Phil. We'll live on your salary, and save some of that. That will be my part of the partnership; and if I have to go without pretty things, that will be my part of the expiation of what you did for my sake. Will you, Phil?"

Held close in his arms, her face buried in his shoulder, they sat in a silence which had no need of words while the summer dawn stole rosily over the hills.

But in a beautiful home far up on the highest hill, a man sat sprawled over his library table, a smoking revolver in his hand. The weak spot in his armor had proved too much for him.

WORDS AND HOW TO USE THEM

A MONTHLY DEPARTMENT IN CORRECT ENGLISH

By EMMA M. BOLENIUS—Author of "The Teaching of Oral English," "Teaching Literature," etc.

HOW careless we sometimes are in our use of words! I remember hearing a young woman, now the editor of a prosperous magazine, tell the story of how she tried to reform her young brothers and sisters in their careless use of words by telling them to listen for all misused words and later "to talk them over." So, with pencil in hand, the youngsters followed her trail about the house, in the hope of catching from her lips some choice expression which later could be taken up for discussion at the promised conference. They were shrewd enough to recognize the fact that all of us have our pet weaknesses. Here, in this column, we plan to talk over, month by month, words that are puzzling.

There is the word *except*, for instance. It is repeatedly misused for *accept*. *Except* means "to exclude;" *accept*, "to receive by consenting." But have you not sometimes heard some one say that she "will except your kind invitation" (equivalent to "will exclude your kind invitation")? What she meant was "accept your kind invitation." In the very same way, through careless pronunciation, the words *wonder* and *wander* are confused. Recently I heard a woman state emphatically that she had "wondered all through the city in search of something." *Wonder* means "to show surprise or curiosity;" *wander*, "to roam, or travel without a certain course." We go to a baseball game; we hear somebody say, "Who's empiring to-day?" He is confusing the word *empire* (a kingdom) with *to umpire* (to make decisions about the game). It is really an easy mistake to slip into, for the words are somewhat alike. In the same way, *affect* and *effect* must not be misused for each other. *To affect* means "to influence" or to "produce an effect;" *to effect*, on the other hand, means "to bring to pass." Because of the similarity we often hear that So-and-so "was greatly effected" (for *affected*).

There are many pairs of words that are closely related, but differ in that they belong to different operations of mind or to different points of view. The words *learn* and *teach* are the most striking examples. We all know that *to teach* is "to impart knowledge" and *to learn* is "to receive knowledge." The first belongs to the teacher; the second, to the pupil. For this reason it is wrong to say, "He learned me to do it" (for "He taught me to do it"); or "She learns the children arithmetic" (for "She teaches the children arithmetic").

We should all of us be more careful to distinguish the proper uses of *love* and *like*, for we cheapen these two good words when we misuse them. In a warmth of feeling it is so easy to exclaim that we "just love ice cream!" or "love to go skating" or "love a good game of hockey." The word *love* should really be saved only for those feelings that are worthy of deep emotion. We can *love* our friends, our family, our country, our religion. *Like* should be used in speaking of things to eat, or of sports; so let us, in the future, try to "like ice cream," and "like a good piece of pumpkin pie!" Our emotions, the deeper ones that are legitimately associated with *love*, are not concerned so

much with the material things of life as our fervent speech would lead the listener to suspect. And *suspect*—that word is an old offender, too. It means, "to mistrust." It does not mean to "look forward to;" that meaning belongs to the somewhat similar word *expect*. The words *begin* and *start* are not exactly alike, as so many seem to think

from their usage of the words. *Begin* means "to set out" or "to set going;" but *start* should be used only when there is actual motion. Here is a suggestion that will help in using this word correctly—do not use *start* when the infinitive *to* follows right after it; as, "It started to rain" for "It began to rain." The sentence, "The train started to move" should be either "The train began to move" or "The train started."

Perhaps two of the most misused words in the English language are "was" and "were." *Was* should always be used with *I*, *he*, *she* or *it*; but not with *we*, *you* and *they*. Yet in many localities

we often hear such expressions as "You was" (for "You were") and "They was" (for "They were"). The pronoun *you* can be applied to one person or to many, but no matter how it is applied, whether to one or more, it always is used with the plural verb—*were*, for instance.

Then, too, have you noticed how people sometimes confuse *don't* with *doesn't*? *Don't* is the abbreviation of *do not*; *doesn't*, of *does not*. The *doesn't* form must always be used with *he*, *she*, or *it*, and the *don't* form with *I*, *you*, *we*, or *they*. How often we hear such expressions as "He don't know" (for "He doesn't know"), "It don't move" (for "It doesn't move"), or "She don't like it" (for "She doesn't like it")!

WHEN we become truly interested in using only the words that are considered standard, we try to rid our speech of expressions which we might call "outlaw expressions." Of these, *ain't* is one of the most common examples. We hear it used for many different forms. For instance, "Ain't it fine!" is wrongly used for "Isn't it fine!"; "I ain't going," wrongly for "I am not going;" and "Ain't they nice?" wrongly for "Aren't they nice?"

Will you not send in words that you think would be helpful if discussed in the magazine? Each community has pet words, little stumbling-blocks. Perhaps if they were clearly discussed, they would cease to trouble. Send us those you think should be explained to help the average woman, words misused in your community. We hope, in this way, our new department will prove truly co-operative and enable many of us to detect in our everyday speech the many little errors which have crept in unobserved by us.

Editor's Note.—If there is some problem of speech which troubles you, or you wish to inform yourself as to the correct usage of some word or words, Miss Bolenius will be happy to answer, by mail, any question you may care to send her, if it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



FOR SOME OTHER WOMAN

HOW A MOTHER FOUND OUT HER MISTAKE IN TIME

[Concluded from page 20]

Mother. I tell you, when I see Kitty, when I'm with her, I just can't remember that we may both ultimately starve to death! What a ghost to have stalking at our feast!"

"I don't want you to have that ghost stalking around, Robert, either now or when you've been married ten years. That's why I'm talking to-night."

Robert made no reply.

"And," I went on, "make up your mind that Kitty, some time, will want to take a little flight. Young creatures are restless and long for change. Suppose she should come to you some day and say she was tired and wanted a week in the mountains? I want you to be able to let her go. Women have grown to the point where personal freedom is necessary—in marriage as well as out. I want you to be able to go away if you want to, also. You must not be slaves to each other. There must be no prison atmosphere about your home. Human beings hate bars."

"A wife who loves her husband doesn't want to be flying away from him all the time."

I laughed. "You're fifty years behind the times, Robbie. However, as you say, a wife who loves her husband does not want to be flying away from him all the time—but she may, despite a large and perfectly good devotion to him, want to get away once in a while. I'm just warning you. Don't be surprised if Kitty should ever want to 'flit.' And flitting takes money."

Robert had lapsed into a numbed silence while I was talking. I went right on. "To-morrow, I'm going to acquaint you with the price of coal per ton and the price of potatoes per barrel and a great many other interesting details. Why shouldn't you know them as well as Kitty? Have you the faintest idea what dainty refreshments for, say, a small evening party of twelve would cost? Or did you ever picture yourself taking Kitty out to buy some frocks and hats, or do you know what a seamstress in the house charges by the day?"

"NO," said Robert, after I had to prompt him for an answer, "I've never thought of these things."

"I know you haven't," I told him sadly. "And it's my fault. I've let you come in and out of this house as unconscious of the fact that, somehow, your father and I were making all such ends as these meet, as though you were still seven years of age. That was what Frank's mother did to Frank, also, and now your sister has come to a cross-roads in her life because Frank is, and always has been, continually surprised that living costs, that a head of a family is responsible for all these things which seem so natural, so almost trivial, and which mean that if a man wants them he must work and work hard for them. He is surprised now that Olivia demands a certain standard of upbringing for her child. He's never looked into the future of his little boy, and Olivia has. It's all rather serious, I think, Robert."

My son sprang to his feet once more.

"In heaven's name, Mother, don't say another word. I've been a fool. No man getting my salary has a right to marry a girl like Kitty. I haven't asked her yet—though I think I know how she feels about it all. I'm going to clear out. The world is pretty rotten and sordid, isn't it, when you don't dare—you don't dare—on account of some miserable dollars a month, and the price of coal per ton or medicine per bottle—or—"

"You don't dare?" I cried, and for a second I'm afraid that all the scorn I felt for poor weak Frank was turned upon my own boy in my glance. "You don't dare? Why? Because, it means harder work, and a clearer vision of

the material needs of married life, and a willingness to share responsibility? Oh, Robert, Robert! You've made a girl love you. You can't run away now."

In the lamplight my son's face looked suddenly very young, despite his twenty-nine years. He looked, in fact, so much as his father had looked when I married him, that my heart weakened, and I made him sit down on a low stool beside me when I could forget his almost six-feet and his big man-hands and shoulders.

"Let me tell you something, Rob," I said. "I've piled all this into a half hour's talk—all these things, these needs that develop slowly. They need not frighten you. Your father and I will see that you get nicely started in your own home. No, stop, don't argue. That much is our right, our duty. You are our child. We owe you that. Your salary isn't large, but with both you and Kitty having a clear idea of ways and means, it will do nicely until you make a better position for yourself, or develop more ability—which you can do if you work toward that end. You're just starting. The end is for you to determine."

"I can't make you out," said Robert slowly. "One moment you cast me down, another you give me hope—"

"HOPE!" I said, with tears in my eyes. "Not hope, my dear boy, but just plain sense. You don't need hope—you need love and courage. I feel that both you and Kitty have that. I didn't want to frighten you, dear; I only want you to become the provider of a little home, conscious of what you are able to provide, and not expecting a certain standard of living out of an absolutely different standard of salary. That's all I want of you; just a calm, clear understanding that a loaf of bread costs five cents and that if you want the loaf you must earn it. You see, Olivia's husband has never recovered from the shock of discovering that the loaf doesn't cost three cents, as he somehow thinks it should. And he, as you know, refuses to buy half a loaf, which would be wise. And so, that accounts for Olivia and her harassed eyes."

Robert jumped to his feet. I hardly would have known him, for the keen light in his face, from the woe-begone youth of some minutes previous.

"Mother, we must do something for Olivia, mustn't we? Frank must be made to see. Oh, I think I understand what you've been driving at. You've opened my eyes. No, I'm not afraid to ask Kit. So long as we both know, we'll manage. I'll not expect her to live as you and father are living, on what I make, and I rather guess I see that I've got to buckle to and make something of myself for Kitty's sake, and for the sake of any little busters that might come to us. I guess 'tis right to think it all out beforehand, and get the machinery of your ambition and plans in good working order. By Jove, Mother, that's where the trouble with Frank lies. His ambition was taken by surprise. He began blindly, he couldn't clearly understand why life cost him so much, why things didn't just grow, as it were."

"Perhaps you're right," I said. "Perhaps his ambition was taken by surprise. We must see if we can make him understand better, before it is entirely too late."

Robert, standing before me, took my face in both his hands. "If Frank had had you for a mother, he wouldn't have thought that figs grew on thistles."

"Robert"—I could hardly speak—"I was almost as thoughtless concerning the woman who is to be your wife, as Frank's mother was concerning Olivia. But I'm not worried about you and Kitty now. I've every hope for you."

AIDING THE TRAINED NURSE

RULES THAT SHOULD BE FOLLOWED IN THE HOME

By MAUDE E. S. HYMERS

THAT the trained nurse in the home may do her work well she should have the hearty cooperation of the entire family. It should be remembered that hospitals are built and furnished with but one object in view, to provide the nurse with every convenience for the proper care of her patient. The modern home, on the contrary, is seldom planned with any thought of possible illness within its walls.

Therefore, if the nurse suggests that the room in which the patient lies is not properly lighted or ventilated, there should be no hesitation in yielding up the room she considers best. If there is a bath and toilet room in the house, the nurse will probably choose the room on the floor with it, and, if possible, one with north and south windows, as they receive the most sunshine.

If the room has a fireplace in it, so much the better, since an open fire makes for cheerfulness, and the fireplace itself insures good ventilation. Then, too, a fireplace provides the nurse with a place in which to burn the cloths, that if carried outside, might spread contagion to the family.

If the room is carpeted, stretch and tack canvas tightly over the carpet, or better still, remove it entirely, using only small rugs to prevent noise. This precaution is especially necessary in contagious cases.

Always, in preparing a sick-room, every unnecessary piece of furniture should be dispensed with, all dust-harboring draperies should be removed, and a string mop, for wiping the dust from the floor without noise, should be provided.

An iron bedstead is the best, and placed near the center of the room, so that it may be conveniently reached from all sides, but not so that the glare from a window will shine directly into the patient's eyes. A single bed is better than a double one, in most cases; but if the latter must be used, the nurse will doubtless reserve one side for day use, keeping the other fresh for night.

Of pictures there should never be more than two, and these such as will suggest pleasant thoughts or dreams. They should be changed from time to time, to relieve the patient of the horror of tracing their outlines over and over until his nerves rebel. For this reason, a plastered room is preferable to a papered one.

The housewife should see that the sick-room is provided with a piece of rubber sheeting, the full size of the bed. This is placed directly over the mattress, and fastened securely, at the corners, with safety pins. Over this goes the sheet, of cotton rather than linen, as cotton is not as quick to absorb perspiration, afterwards chilling the body. In the center of this cotton sheet is a second piece of rubber sheeting, about a yard long, and over this, again, a draw sheet—an old piece of sheeting, made only

half the size of an ordinary sheet, so that it may be frequently changed without greatly disturbing the patient. This arrangement of the bed is suitable for any kind of case.

Do not make the mistake of providing too much covering for the bed. A sheet, woolen blanket, and white counterpane, are usually sufficient, particularly where the patient is suffering from any disease causing a high temperature. During the daily changing of the air in the room, or during a crisis of the disease, when the temperature goes below normal, more may be added; although in such cases it is better to supply artificial heat, by means of hot-water bottles, hot irons, or electrical appliances.

This brings us to the "properties" of the sick-room—those utensils and conveniences necessary to aid the

nurse in her work. First on the list should be a good, rubber, hot-water bottle; although if your old one has sprung a leak, it may still be used if filled with hot salt or fine gravel. These fillings have the advantage over the hot water, of retaining the heat considerably longer. For fever patients, an ice bag is also a necessity.

A good bed-pan should be provided, the granite

ones having the double advantage of being cheaper, as well as lighter to handle, than the commoner china. Large and small squares of soft, old flannel for hot applications should be close at

hand, as well as pieces of linen for bandages, or for possible bed-sores in case of long-continued illness. A light screen to stand beside the bed will be found useful, either when the light is too strong for the eyes, or when the room is being aired.

Provide, also, several old sheets to be saturated with disinfectant, where the case is a contagious one. These may be hung in the doorways, thus safeguarding the remainder of the house from contagion.

A RELIABLE thermometer should be a part of the furnishing of the sick-room, especially in winter; and the temperature of the room should be kept even, from sixty to seventy degrees, according to whether it is a fever case or not. To prevent too dry an atmosphere, keep a kettle of water on a small electric heater, or on registers or radiators.

Perfect ventilation is of the greatest importance. This may be safely accomplished by providing draught screens for the windows, consisting of frames fitting the sash closely and covered with a good quality of muslin. These keep out impurities, break drafts, and, in intensely hot weather, may act as a refrigerant by being kept moist.

A small clock, as noiseless as possible, is also among the requirements of the sick-room. If its ticking seems

[Concluded on page 76]



WORRY AND ANXIETY SHOULD NEVER BE MANIFESTED BEFORE THE PATIENT

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

THE manufacturer who brands his goods and advertises them nationally is so sure of their quality that he is willing to stand the full force of possible complaints.

He is making something for which he is proud to be responsible. His trade-mark secures for him the increased sales that result from *satisfaction* and *identification*. At the same time it secures to the public the certainty of quality which the *known* manufacturer must maintain if he is to continue to be successful.

When you buy, therefore, buy goods that are trade-marked and advertised. The manufacturers of such goods stand behind them. Your satisfaction is vital to the continued success of the trade-marked, advertised article.

Trade-marks and national advertising are the two greatest public servants in business today. Their whole tendency is to raise qualities and standardize them, while reducing prices and stabilizing them.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB
THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION

AIDING THE TRAINED NURSE

[Continued from page 75]

to annoy the patient, a glass dome set over it, will soften the tick.

Provide, also, a paper pad and pencil, with which the nurse may make out her daily chart for the doctor or write instructions for the volunteer who takes charge during her rest hour.

When flowers are provided, they should not be such as carry a heavy, sickening odor, and the water should be changed every day, and the stems washed, to prevent any odor.

Don't sulk if it sometimes happens that you are excluded from the sick-room. The nurse has probably had her orders from the doctor to this effect, because a crisis is approaching; or, if not, her judgment probably tells her when you are a disquieting influence on the patient. Sympathy is, of course, always natural and permissible, but worry and anxiety should never be manifested before the patient. Don't speak in a hushed, funereal voice, or shout in an over-assumption of cheerfulness. Speak and act naturally, although if it is "natural" for you to rock violently, when seated, make an exception of this case. Don't rattle newspapers, or "twiddle" with anything, while in the room.

Under no circumstances should the family be permitted to whisper while in the sick-room or outside the door, where the patient might hear. This cannot fail to give rise to the fear that his case is serious, when depression and harm must result.

MORE important still, do not get the idea that the patient is being starved by an unfeeling nurse. The doctor has doubtless outlined the course of feeding advisable, and it is part of the nurse's duty to prepare the food along those lines. You should provide for the sick-room a tray suitable for the serving of meals, together with porringer sets of small size and dainty pattern. The utmost daintiness is necessary, in preparing the sick-room tray, in order to counteract the patient's lack of appetite.

An invalid's table, provided with one leg or standard at the end, the table extending over the bed, is a luxury worth having when the patient can sit up. However, if you cannot afford this, make use of the sewing-table, by extending it across the patient's lap, supporting it at the far end by a book or two, at the near end by one set of legs.

Lastly, a small nursery refrigerator is a necessity of the sick-room, especially in fever cases, where ice is an hourly necessity. If this cannot be afforded, however, you can substitute a large clay flower-pot, with a clay saucer a size or two larger to turn over the top.

Deafness Mastered



The day of imperfect hearing is past. Science rivals nature in the marvelous new 1916 Mears Ear Phone, thin receiver model—the world's greatest hearing device. It transmits sound without blur. Write today for our 15 days' free trial offer.

Perfect Aid to Hearing

The Mears is the only scientific instrument for the deaf. It marvelously covers 96 degrees of sound, every range of tone of the human ear.

Write for Free Book—Our free book is a highly valuable treatise on deafness. Write for it today—learn all about our 15 days' free trial offer and low direct laboratory price. If convenient to New York call for demonstration.



MEARS EAR PHONE CO.
Desk 2061 45 W. 34th St., N.Y.



An Excellent Tonic for
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

HAIR TONIC NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil.

Makes the hair light and fluffy.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$1.00

Send 10c for Trial Size

BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK

467 West 34th Street, Dept. F.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE

OUR FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE MAIL-BOX

(Continued from page 21)

neither "ought" is universally true. And this socializing of the recreation of young people is one more step in this growing claim of the community, instead of merely the home, as the educator of the child.

Are we afraid of these changes? Whatever the next one is—will we recognize it? Will we be able to place it as one link in the long chain of a great movement? Or shall we shake our heads and fear that "the home is not what it used to be?"

Of course, the home is not what it used to be. It would be shame for us if it were the same, with all the rest of the world changing and growing.

Are you afraid of growth? Or are you glad of growth? And in either case, what are you going to do about it?

The cultivator of the home! When was the cultivator ever afraid that changes would come to that which he cultivates? Is not the very change what he seeks? Is not the wise directing of these changes what he is for?

In all of which, many of you will agree with me without question. But when I add that in the coming months I am going to discuss two changes in the home which are logical outcomes of these changes to which you have grown accustomed, namely:

I. The Right of Women *Not* to Study Domestic Science.

II. Baby-gardens.

—how many will say: "Nonsense!" And how many will say: "Perhaps!"

Editor's Note.—Miss Gale will be glad to offer suggestions and advice as to the problems of your home town, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your inquiry. Address your letter, *The Friendship Village Editor*, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

THE JANUARY COVER FOR FRAMING

A RUTH EASTMAN GIRL

If you like The Skating Girl on our January cover so well that you want to make her a permanent member of your family—and we are quite sure that you will—five cents will bring her to you, scarlet suit, smart tam, and all.

We have had, as usual, a limited number of copies of our cover printed in colors, and as long as the supply lasts shall be glad to fill your requests. Write your name and address very plainly, to prevent any error in mailing.

Constipation Will Rob You of Good Looks and Good Health

YOUR skin is blotchy, sallow, unhealthy looking. Why? Because your "blood is poor."

Your vitality is low. Neither your brain nor your body wants to work. Why? Because your "blood is poor."

"Poor blood" is poisoned blood. Your blood, the food carrier for every nerve and tissue, is polluted with the fermented wastes absorbed from the stagnant products of constipation.

Constipation and its results are among the most serious menaces to health known to doctors.

Perhaps you use laxatives and purgatives. But they do the work for the muscles and make these muscles permanently helpless.

Nujol does not act this way. Not being a medicine but a mineral oil it lubricates the intestines and waste products like oil lubricates machinery. Consequently, muscular action is made easier, encouraged. The muscles are strengthened and regular habits become firmly fixed.

The **Nujol** treatment is the medically accepted treatment for constipation. Famous doctors and surgeons endorse it.

Nujol is colorless, odorless, tasteless oil, made in the world's greatest mineral oil laboratories, and conforms to all requirements of purity and uniformity.

Write for booklet "The Rational Treatment of Constipation." If **Nujol** is not sold by your druggist, we will send a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75c—money order or stamps.

Address Dept. 19

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Bayonne (New Jersey) New Jersey

Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Approved by:

Lederle Laboratories, New York.

Harvey W. Wiley, Director Food House-keeping, Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking



To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite as good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

MAGAZINES



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Lorraine EGIPTISSU

28 inches wide—general price 25c a yard

Exquisite and serviceable Lorraine Egiptissu is for making your own and the children's dresses. It will not fade, and looks like new even after it is washed and washed.

A Tea Apron for You

cut from Lorraine Egiptissu, ready to sew, for 10c. Send your name and address today. This charming little apron will show you how nice, how attractive Lorraine Egiptissu is. With the apron, we will send 21 FREE Samples of Lorraine fabrics in bars and stripes.

Other Lorraine Fabrics

Snowbelle Swiss—36 in. wide, with figures embroidered in colors on a white ground. Lorraine 878—a quality Chambray in various solid colors.

Ask your Dry Goods Merchant to show you Lorraine fabrics.

The name "Lorraine" is on the selvedge, always. Look for it.

LORRRAINE MFG. CO., Dept. M
73 Leonard Street, New York



Crochet Book GIVEN!

Many
New
Designs

new book of complete instruction in all branches of Crocheting, Tatting and Smocking. Plenty of new, original designs. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE to any lady sending 10c in stamps or silver for one full size ball of

RICHARDSON'S
R. M. C. Cordonnet; Art 65

This is the genuine—the Washable Cordonnet Crochet Cotton in universal use for finest work today. Order ball by size and color. Send only 10c, and you will receive this valuable book free. We pay all shipping charges. Sizes and colors: White 2-5-10-15-20-30-40-50-60-70-80. Keros 2-5-10-15-20-30-40-50-60. Colors: Blue, Delft, Pink, Linen, Yellow, Lavender. Sizes, 6-30-50 only.

Act NOW! Write for this introduction before it is withdrawn. Write NOW.

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY
Dept. 2061 Chicago, Ill.



QUALITY Seventy Five

The Standard All Wool Dress Serge
44 inches, . . . 75c per yard

Sponged and shrunk and made in all the staple shades as well as CREAM, GREYS and TANS which will be so popular this coming season.

A product of the

HAMILTON WOOLEN COMPANY

If your retailer does not have the goods, write us and we will send samples and booklet

WELLINGTON, SEARS & CO., Manufacturers' Agents

Boston and New York

Look for the white selvedge and stamp

TRADE 75c MARK

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

THE FEATHER-STITCH

SIMPLE LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY—NO. 26

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

TO work the single feather-stitch, imagine four parallel lines an equal distance apart. Now put your needle under the material, and bring it out at the top of the imaginary left line. Hold the loose thread down with your thumb, and insert your needle in the material, putting the point in on the imaginary right line, about one-eighth of an inch below the first insertion, and bringing it out on

the inner right line, instead of slightly obliquely, and each stitch starts where the one above ended.

Another use for feather-stitching is as a filling for a leaf design (Fig. 4). This is nothing more nor less than the ordinary feather-stitching, worked more closely and on broader lines.

After becoming thoroughly familiar with the feather-stitch, you will be ready to apply it to some pretty, simple article for home or holiday gift.

A dresser scarf, stamped with butterflies stenciled in pale pink, blue, and yellow, may have the design outlined in feather-stitch, in white cotton floss Scarf No. 10524.

Work the bodies of the butterflies in satin-stitch, the tendrils and the markings on the wings in stem- or outline-stitch. The edge of the wings is then outlined in the feather-stitch. A scalloped edge should be buttonholed in white. For a very dainty effect, a fine lace edging may be used in combination with the buttonholing.

There are countless other ways in which feather-stitching may be used. It makes an especially pretty finish for infants' and children's dresses, and is an excellent stitch in

which to embroider any article that is to be developed in a scroll design.

Editor's Note.—

This Scarf, 10524, may be had, size 18 by 36 inches, for 40 cents; size 18 by 45 inches, 50 cents; size 18 by 72 inches, 65 cents. Stamped on imported linen. Perforated pattern for Scarf, 10 cents. Any questions in regard to working the feather-stitch, or embroidering any of the articles which are illustrated on page 51, will be answered by Miss Sterling, if a stamped envelope is enclosed.



FIG. 1—STARTING THE FEATHER-STITCH



FIG. 2—CONTINUING FEATHER-STITCH



FIG. 4—LEAF FILLED WITH FEATHER-STITCH



FIG. 3—THE DOUBLE FEATHER-STITCH



FIG. 5—COUCHING FEATHER-STITCH



FIG. 6—DETAIL OF SCARF NO. 10524.
(SEE ALSO PAGE 51)

For double feather-stitching (Fig. 3), work exactly in the same way as in single feather-stitching, only, this time, work twice to the right and then twice to the left, all the way down.

The couching feather-stitch (Fig. 5) is very much like the ordinary feather-stitching. A bunch of threads of one color is laid on material of a contrasting color, and the feather-stitch is worked over it, from side to side. The



Don't Miss Your Chance To Get,
Without Cost, This Fine Collection of

24 Moving Picture Star PENNANTS

GIVEN prepaid to anyone sending only 2 yearly
McCALL'S MAGAZINE subscriptions at 50c each

(75c a year in Canada; \$1.00 a year in Foreign Countries)

Gift 1163-M—Everybody goes to "The Movies." Everybody has a "favorite" star. Everybody wants a picture of the "Movie Idols." Because of this demand, because of this universal appeal of Motion Pictures to all ages, we have arranged this exceptional offer. Moving Picture Star Pennants are decidedly new and immensely popular with all who have seen them. The pennants are made of a good grade of felt, in orange, blue, red, maroon, purple and brown. Size $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches wide at top, and tapering to a point like the pennants shown here. Each pennant has the name and picture of a favorite Movie Actor or Actress, also name of the film with which each star is identified.

HERE ARE THE NAMES OF THE 24 MOVING PICTURE STARS IN THIS OFFER

Earle Williams
Dustin Farnum
Hector V. Sarno
Richard C. Travers
J. Warren Kerrigan
Francis X. Bushman

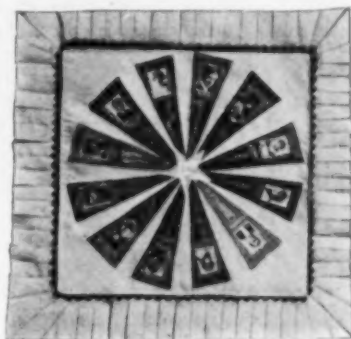
Blanche Sweet
Florence La Badie
Myrtle Stedman
Grace Cunard
Billie Ritchie
Violet Mersereau

Anita Stewart
Charles Chaplin
E. Phillips Smalley
Alice Brady
Jane Gail
Mary Fuller

Lottie Pickford
Ruth Stonehouse
Clara Kimball Young
Kathlyn Williams
G. M. Anderson
Irene Fenwick

Here are enough Moving Picture Pennants to decorate two stunning "Movie" Sofa Cushions, or they can be used to make a unique wall hanging, chair covers and couch covers, in attractive and original designs.

The felt pillow shown at the right is not included in the above offer. It is merely to suggest how some of the pennants can be artistically sewed on a sofa pillow. The star arrangement at the top of page would be very appropriate for a round puff pillow which is quite a favorite now. Plain felt pillow (without pennants), $16\frac{3}{4} \times 16\frac{3}{4}$ inches, **GIVEN**, prepaid, for only 6 McCALL subscriptions. Colors: white, blue, green or brown.



SPECIAL OFFER

Gift 1163-M—This complete collection of 24 Moving Picture Star Pennants described above, **GIVEN**, prepaid, for sending only 2 yearly McCALL'S MAGAZINE subscriptions at 50 cents each (75c a year in Canada and duty extra on gift). Price in U. S., with McCALL'S one year, only 75 cents.

All subscriptions to count toward this very special offer must be sent direct to The McCall Company, 236 to 246 West 37th St., New York City, N. Y. Send Money Order.

Crippled Children

Six year old Marlen Ohman, Deming, New Mexico, came to the McLain Sanitarium, Nov. 25, 1913, with a deformed foot and limb as a result of Infantile Paralysis. Deformities of the limbs, spine and body frequently occur from the same cause. What may be accomplished in such cases at this Institution is shown in the pictures and the mother's letter which follows:

"All our friends think it simply wonderful that Marlen's foot and leg are perfectly straight, and that he has such good use of it. How thankful I am that I learned of your Sanitarium and its wonderful results before it was too late. I wish every mother who has a crippled child could know of your Sanitarium and its great work—and be persuaded to take her child there."

MRS. CHARLES OHMAN.

Box 216, Deming, New Mexico.

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private Institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, Bow Legs, Knock Knees, Wry Neck, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"—also "Book of References" containing testimonials, sent free.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
944 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.



Comfort for New Born Babies

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE BOOKS

Your Baby

Should Be Kept Warm With Non-Nettle White Flannels

Teased Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the ruinous teasing process. Therefore, no irritating nettles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing. We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. **WE DO NOT SELL TO DEALERS.**

Send for Free Sample Case

and receive sample books as illustrated. Also catalogue showing 50 styles of white Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits (\$5.00 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Bassinets and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. **No advertising on wrapper.** For 25 cents we will include a complete set of modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost \$1.70 if bought separately.

Write at once or save this advertisement.

THE LAMSON BROS. CO.
342 Summit Street Toledo, Ohio
Sole Distributors Non-Nettle White Flannels

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLE SOME

"MESSAGE TO WOMEN" If you desire serenity, health, beauty, lovely surroundings, prosperity, happy home; read this book. Postpaid with high class toilet article for 15 two-cent stamps. Address: **ELIZABETH KING, 59 H, Station F, NEW YORK CITY.**

MONEY IN POULTRY AND SQUABS For a Big Book tells how to make money raising them. A complete encyclopedia of poultry information by a man who KNOWS. Mailed Free. Lowest prices on fowls and eggs. **F. Foy, 15-X 11, Clinton, Iowa.**

DOES TAKING BOARDERS PAY?

[Continued from page 26]

many other items. These same business persons, seeking board, naturally do not like to pay out much more than they did at home, and as they furnish the major part of the custom, the boarding-house keeper tries to shave down her charges to meet their unfair ideas or their painfully slender pay-envelopes. If she has invested capital in furniture or kitchen equipment, loss of interest on this money should be added to all of the foregoing, and something for the use of the bathroom and the common parlor. The total represents merely what the boarder should pay to meet the expenses he or she causes. The proprietor should add to this or not, as she chooses or as she thinks wise, the salary she should get for her own services, after her living expenses have been deducted. Many boarding-house keepers, however, do not believe that the type of patrons they are able to get could afford to pay this extra amount and so consider that they are being adequately paid by getting their living. One woman explained the situation to me in this way:

"If I go out to work, the most I can earn will barely pay for food and a home in a poor quarter of the city; it will not pay for a nurse to care for my children and will expose them to the dangers of a miserable neighborhood. If I take a large house in a better part of town and merely let the extra rooms, I can pay my rent; if I provide meals, also, I can stretch the board-money so as to give all of us our food. I may work as hard or even harder than I would in a business away from home, but I am at home with my children. It is worth it."

Thousands of women, widows, or wives of invalid or incompetent men, are keeping boarders in this way. From the point of view of the high-class house, they can, by no possibility, achieve a salary for themselves; but if they slaved at any business within their capabilities, they would have nothing above mere food and shelter, and they would live in a poorer district on less nourishing food. The boarding-house keeper who cannot pay herself any cash salary for her labors must count that she has earned board, charged at least at her lowest rate, for herself and her family. If she has a family of five, and six dollars a week is her minimum price, she is earning the thirty dollars a week it would cost to keep the five as well elsewhere. Profit is not always to be reckoned in cash.

Where a family has sufficient income to pay for its own food, renting rooms without meals is the easiest and most profitable form of taking "paying guests." A young couple who could only afford to rent a twenty-five-dollar city flat were filled with a longing for a home of their

own. Fifty dollars a month would meet the necessary payments on a house they liked. By letting three of their rooms they were able to make twenty-seven dollars and still have the comfort and freedom of their larger quarters.

In another case, a woman who had three children was determined to live in a good street. The two older girls were in a high-school and she wanted them to have a home so attractive they would bring their friends to it. Her husband's salary would have meant quarters so cramped and existence so filled with scrimping and drudgery that the girls could not have had any opportunity for legitimate good times. The mother took a four-story city house, paying seventy dollars a month rent, and kept the kitchen and basement dining-room, parlor and back parlor for herself, also the maid's room and large back room on the top floor. The back parlor she used for herself, her husband, and youngest child. The two older girls were sent up-stairs. The second floor brought forty-five dollars a month, the third floor thirty-five dollars a month and the top story front room, twelve dollars, making a surplus over her rent sufficient to pay for her fuel, laundry, and extra weekly cleaning, for which a charwoman was hired. As her husband's salary was sufficient, with the rent item thus eliminated from it, to furnish a maid—necessary in so large a house—and as she did all her own sewing for herself and the three girls, she was able to keep her family nicely dressed and have an attractive home for all to enjoy.

For another one of my friends a boarding-house proved a most happy inspiration. At fifty-three her husband was set adrift by his firm, which was "cutting down expenses" and discarding the middle-aged men first. The best position he could finally secure offered him fifteen dollars a week. Something had to be done immediately. Instead of huddling her family together in miserable city rooms, and taking her three daughters from school and putting them to work, this woman looked about and discovered, for thirty dollars a month, a roomy country house on the top of a glorious hill, near a thriving agricultural college. It was an hour's ride from the city for her husband. Lamps were necessary, and sometimes the windmill failed, leaving them dependent on the pump; but the house had a furnace, two bathrooms, and seven sleeping chambers. After disposing her family in the most comfortable of these, she took four college boys to board. They were farm youths, not demanding a great deal, but unwilling to pay much. However,

[Concluded on page 81]

DOES TAKING BOARDERS PAY?

[Continued from page 80]

two at five dollars, one at six dollars, and one at seven dollars, afforded her twenty-three dollars a week, which was more than enough to set a bountiful table for nine of them. One daughter stayed at home, partly to help the mother and partly to take the women's course in the agricultural college, where she expected eventually to qualify as an agricultural domestic-science teacher.

Success in these three instances depended largely on good judgment in choosing a location. Many a failure may be traced to the taking of a house on the wrong side of the town or one too far from the business district. Young men employed in cities away from home want rooms both with and without board, but they want to be near the active part of town; if possible, to walk to and from business, and to be free to have a good time in the evenings. In spring and summer, a suburban boarding-place near a country club, good walking and bicycling roads or out-of-door amusements, such as tennis, golf, canoeing, will command steady patrons. Young men are the most desirable tenants, since they are out so much and have little time for petty fault-finding. A landlady who will look after laundry, provide ash-trays and ice-water, and not attempt to reform her young men will always be popular with them. In the neighborhood of a Y. M. C. A. or college, a well-recommended boarding-house always prospers.

Editor's Note.—If you are interested in economical boarding-house menus, and will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we will be glad to mail you an additional seven-days' menu which has been served at a cost of three dollars a person.

DIRECTIONS FOR CUT-OUT

(See Page 25)

AFTER cutting out back and front of the Duchess, run a strip of paste, one-fourth of an inch wide, along the edge of the wrong side of her front. Do not paste along the bottom edge—A to B. Press front and back together. When dry, fold her feet forward, and her train back along dotted line. Now puff her out by running your finger up the center, slip her over mother's silver thimble, and the Duchess will stand in a truly stately manner. Paste head-dress together along outer edges only. C to D is top of front of head-dress. Paste two parts together so that top edges coincide and so that F on one part comes near F on other part. E on front part should be almost exactly over E on back part.



Two-Fold Warmth

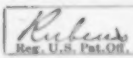
—To Ward Off Children's Coughs and Colds

All children need over the chest and abdomen more than some children wear.

Note the Rubens Shirt, double thick in front—a million children wear it. Also the Rubens Union Suits for children. During the past 22 years 9,000,000 mothers have proved the value of Rubens Shirts. They would never think now of raising children without it.

It is made without buttons. There are no open laps. The shirt is adjustable. It goes on like a coat. There was never a child's garment more healthful and convenient. Try one on your baby. Try one of these union suits, made with only two buttons.

Ask for a Rubens and be sure that this label appears on the front. Don't be misled by imitations.



Rubens Shirts

For Infants. Also Union Suits for Children

Rubens Shirts in sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices run from 35c up. Rubens Union Suits in cotton and merino. Prices 75c and up. Sizes from 2 to 10 years.

Sold by dry goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices. (149)

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc., 2 N. Market Street, CHICAGO

Burns Kerosene (Coal Oil)



Won GOLD MEDAL at World's Exposition San Francisco

LIGHTS WHOLE ROOM

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THE CHRISTMAS-TREE FIRE DANGER

By AGNES ATHOL

EVERY mother ought to exercise the greatest watchfulness during the days immediately following Christmas. Many families have realized the danger of lighted candles on the Christmas tree, and have either substituted a system of little electric bulbs, or omitted the illumination altogether. But there is a period of lassitude and relaxation of discipline after the turkey is eaten and all the presents are unwrapped.

Children romp about, naturally feeling that vacation days are a time of privilege; and orders usually carried out at another time may meet now with scant attention. The house is by no means as tidy as usual. Presents made of inflammable material lie scattered about, to be displayed to visitors, and those same visitors tend to make the housewife forget to look out for the little things going wrong which ordinarily would be noticed and corrected.

Papers from gift-boxes, and other rubbish, are apt to accumulate in quantity, trash-baskets to become overloaded. The usual daily cleaning is hastily gone over or left undone, and it is a common accident for the man of the house to drop a glowing match into a packed waste-basket.



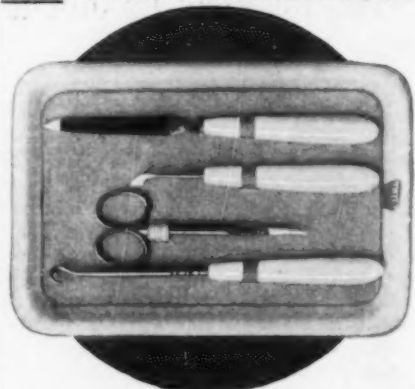
With ready-made kindling on every side, there is likely to be an unmanageable blaze, particularly if this happens near the dried Christmas-tree branches or the decorative holly.

If there is holly on the chandelier, the mere act of lighting the gas may precipitate a burst of flame. The tree itself soon becomes dry and brittle, and even when the candles have been carefully supervised on Christmas Day, a child or servant may experiment with them disastrously, later, when the danger of fire is greater and the mother is occupied in some other part of the house.

COTTON batting, and all the inflammable apparel of the traditional Santa Claus, is to be unconditionally condemned. The record of Christmas fire disasters shows the great majority traceable to some form of costumed entertainment, with flimsy trimmings that caught fire. Every year our hospitals receive pitiful cases of frightful burns, all because of lack of judgment and proper precaution at the Christmas season. At best, the material loss is considerable, even when no one is hurt, and many insurance policies are invalidated by the risks that are knowingly taken, so that there is no compensation whatever. Keep a watchful eye out, therefore, for the Christmas danger.

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THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

[Continued from page 60]

The ornate counterpane is a thing of the past. The people who used to use lace and net spreads, over pink and blue linings, are satisfying their desire for color with cretonne, often matching other decorations in the room; or they buy red-and-white or blue-and-white Marseilles spreads, which are durable and bright looking. The hospital spread of so-called dimity—really a sort of seersucker—I like the best of all. It is light, easily handled in laundering, and quite inexpensive. It comes in different widths.

Towels are of as many varieties as apples. From the large, heavy Turkish towel, down to the tiny one for guests, one must have a few of each. For practical use, a small bath towel, about fifteen by twenty-four inches, will be found excellent, as it will stand much boiling and never need to be ironed. I have bought these for from a dollar and twenty cents to two dollars a dozen. Good huckaback towels are always popular; for damask, or damask-bordered huckaback, one must pay more—the minimum being about fifty cents a towel. Narrow damask toweling for guest towels comes by the yard, as well as in finished units of design.

WASH-CLOTHS bought by the dozen cost much less than when bought singly. Nothing, however, is nicer than a hand-knit face-cloth. A cross-stitch initial in dainty colors takes but a few moments to work, and adds to the charm of your bath-room appointments. The bath-mat of Turkish toweling should be extra heavy. Have you ever tried substituting for it the cork bath-mat, or the little rag rugs that can be sent to the laundry?

In the kitchen, the dish-towels have an uncomfortable way of wearing out from many rinsings. I have two ways of combating this wear and tear. One is the use of a drain basket, and the other a regular system of rotating the towels, three at a time. It is worth while to pay a trifle more for pure-linen dish towels, both in the crash and the glass toweling. Cotton mixtures do not absorb moisture well. The wet-finger test will indicate plainly which you are buying. A roller towel in the kitchen is a menace to health. Provide a roll of paper toweling for general use. A very good kind costs only seventeen cents for one hundred and fifty towels.

Under the head of household linen do not forget to include the bureau scarfs, fancy table-squares, washable table-covers, curtains, and hangings, which cannot be considered furniture or upholstery. The fact that most of these are made, rather than bought, must not obscure the need for investment in materials. Look for interesting fabrics for these purposes, such as are continually being advertised.

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MUD SPOTS.—All traces of mud spots may be banished from garments, by rubbing the goods with a raw potato.—Mrs. L. L., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

DESTROYING FLIES.—To destroy flies in the soil of a pot plant, let the plant become very dry, then water it—for black flies using very hot lime water, and for white flies, white soap suds.—Mrs. H. L., McClellanville, South Carolina.

FROZEN PIPES.—In order to draw the frost out of the ground and so thaw out pipes that have been frozen, we lay a heap of lime on the earth, set it slightly, and cover it with heavy, old blankets. The heat from the lime does the work.—G. A. S., Ottawa, Ohio.

LEMON FOR FISHBONES.—When you swallow a fishbone, immediately suck a lemon, this will cause the fish bone to dissolve.—Mrs. A. E. P., New Albany, Indiana.

WASHING SPROUTS OR SPINACH.—If, in washing sprouts or spinach, a handful of salt is put in the second water, all the sand from the greens will sink to the bottom of the pan, and the vegetables, when rinsed a third time, will be thoroughly clean.—J. K. C., Newark, New Jersey.

INDELIBLE INK.—Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia will remove indelible ink when all else will fail. Saturate the garment well, and let it soak, then rinse it thoroughly in warm water.—Mrs. P. C. L., St. Louis, Missouri.

TO KEEP ICE CREAM.—Ice cream can be kept hard for twenty-four hours, if it is placed in a paper cooking bag, and, the ends of the bag being folded over tightly to keep out the air, is put in the refrigerator, directly on the ice.—S. C., Providence, Rhode Island.

TO SET COLORS.—Blue, pink, lavender, green, aniline red, and purple should be soaked in alum water, two ounces to the tub; gray, black, and dark blues in strong salt water.

SALT FOR PERSPIRATION STAINS.—To remove perspiration stains from your clothes, soak the garments in strong salt water before laundering them.—E. N., Branson, Missouri.

JUDGING MUSHROOMS.—Sprinkle a little salt on the gills of mushrooms, to detect their goodness. If the gills turn black, the mushrooms are fit for food; and if yellow, the mushrooms are poisonous.—M. M. C., Mt. Vernon, New York.

TO RESTORE FLANNEL.—When flannels have become hard and shrunken, they may be restored to their former softness by soaking them in gasoline.—C. L., Ulsterville, New York.

TO WHITEN STONE STEPS AND CONCRETE WALKS.—Add a pound of lime to a gallon of water, mix in a handful of salt, stir well, and scrub into the surface with an old broom or scrubbing brush. When dry, the concrete will be as white as when new.—L. N. G., Chattanooga, Tennessee.

SOUR MILK.—A great convenience and time-saver is a separate card-index for receipts calling for sour milk, sour cream, or buttermilk. In this way, I am able to decide quickly how to utilize them for the day's menu.—M. M. B., Chicago, Illinois.

TO VARNISH PAPER.—To varnish the paper back of the sink so it may be wiped with a damp cloth, coat with one ounce of gum arabic, three of glue, and a bar of soap, dissolved in a quart of water. This amount will coat a wide surface.—L. L. T., Perry, Maine.

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